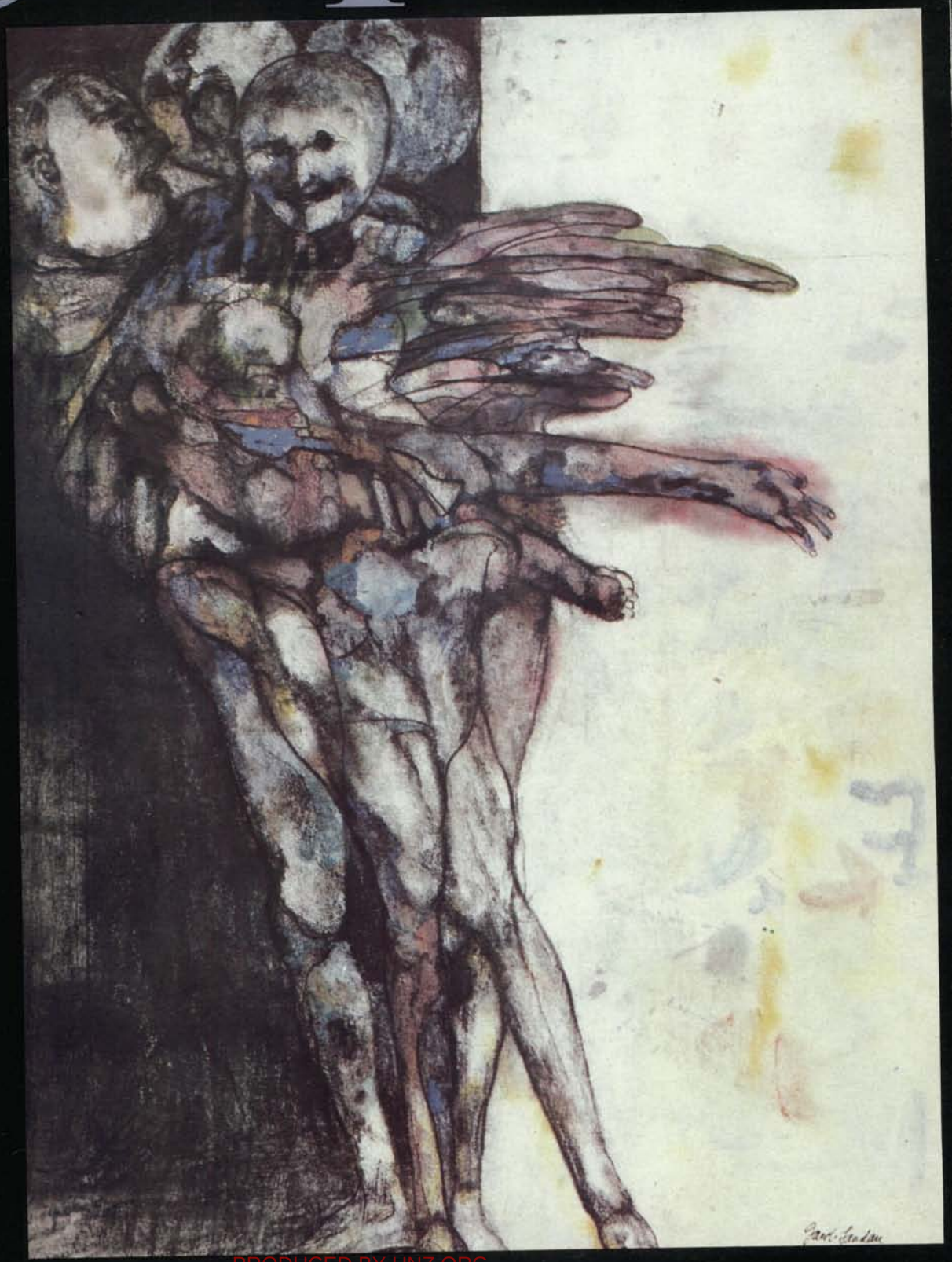
October 1969 Eldridge Cleaver: Running with the Chicanos 75¢

Ramparts

"The man who laughs has not yet been told the terrible news."
-Bertolt Brecht



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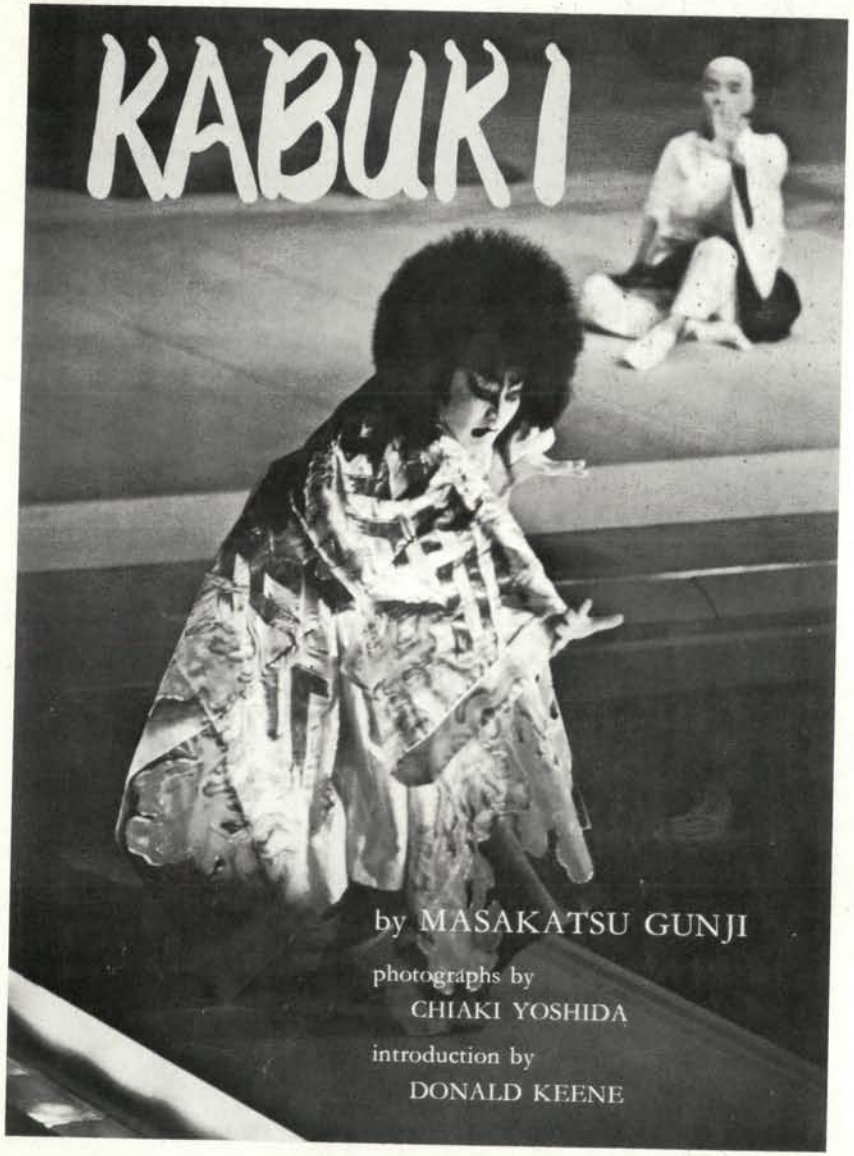

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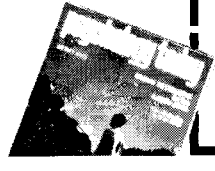

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Ramparts

VOL. 8, No. 4 OCTOBER 1969

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On the Cover: "The Man Who Laughs . . ." *by Jacob Landau*

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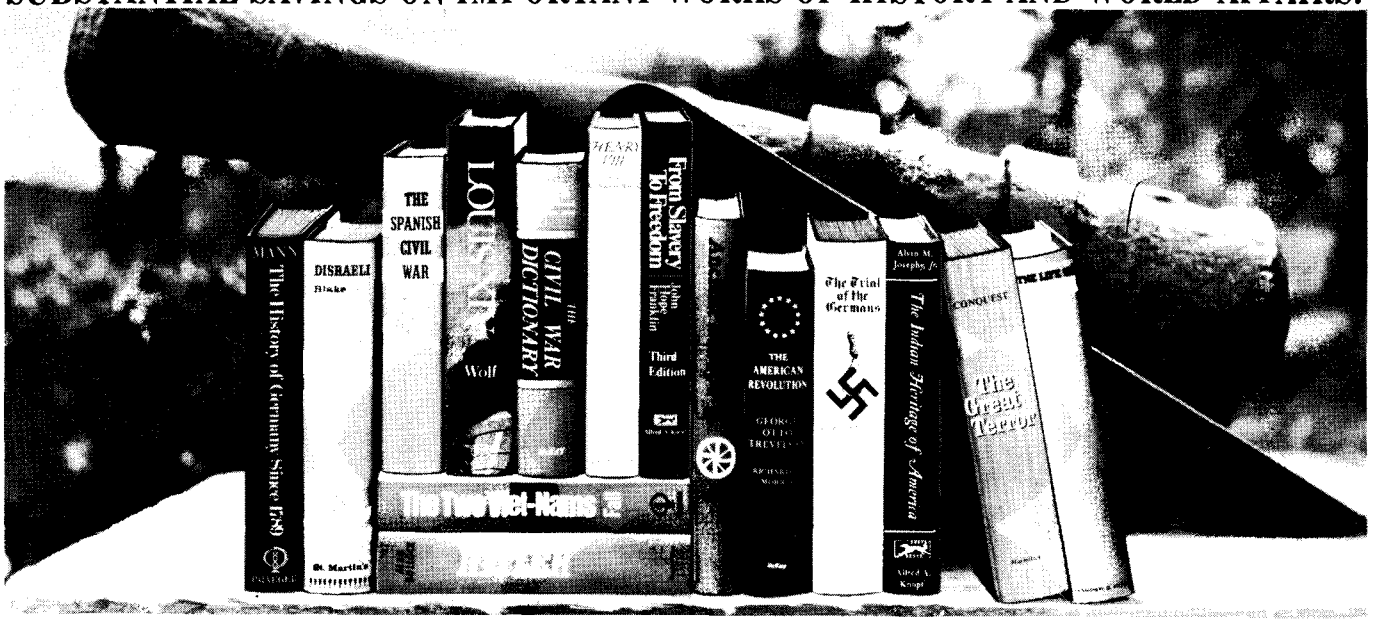

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PICASSO'
ENGRAV

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after–and possibly scandalous–work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life–and therefore no art–has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully–or joyfully–portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars.* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking ...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of **Avant-Garde** announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed **Avant-Garde** as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of **Avant-Garde** have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of **Avant-Garde**–64 pages–will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of **Avant-Garde** are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

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In case you've never heard of **Avant-Garde**, let us explain that it is the most beautiful–and daring–magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to **Avant-Garde** their most uninhibited–and inspired–works. **Avant-Garde** serves–consistently–as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to **Avant-Garde** include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Montagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over **Avant-Garde**. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! **Avant-Garde** has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "**Avant-Garde** is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "**Avant-Garde** is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science–and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "**Avant-Garde**'s articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "**Avant-Garde** is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

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Southern Africa: A Smuggled Account from a Guerrilla Fighter

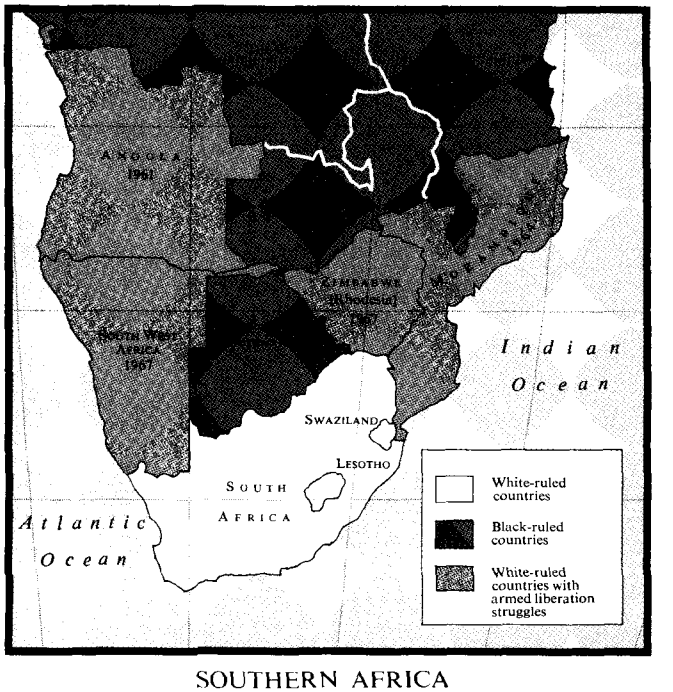
THE STORY THAT FOLLOWS comes from a fighter in the guerrilla struggle against the rule of the five per cent white minority in Zimbabwe (called "Rhodesia" in English). It was set down as he told it in a guerrilla training camp soon after the events. In describing the operations of his detachment over a period of several weeks, he provides a vivid insight into the realities of waging such a war. In particular, one can see the constant, painful dilemma of conflicting military and political imperatives: the fatal danger of informers, as opposed to the need to work with and draw upon the people; the demands of discipline and security, as opposed to respect for local traditions and sensibilities.

Intensifying the conflicts in this war, and opening the way for further tensions and suspicion, is the fact that a significant part of the guerrilla army fighting in Zimbabwe comes not from Zimbabwe itself but from South Africa. For the army is the product of an alliance between the Zimbabwe African Peoples Union, ZAPU, and the African National Congress, ANC, the chief resistance organization in South Africa. (In both countries the demand is for majority rule, although ANC has a clearer socialist orientation.) The ANC, not willing to risk premature warfare in South Africa, has chosen to aid in Zimbabwe for the time being. This joining of forces across a border, which made possible the successful launching in mid-1967 of the guerrilla struggle in Zimbabwe, represents a unity of resistance that followed from a unity of oppression. The convergence of these liberation struggles was an inevitable response to the united front of white power confronting them.

Several years ago, at the end of that heady decade in which a score of African countries regained at least a nominal form of political independence, the southward thrust of nationalism came abruptly to a halt. It was turned back not by a single outpost, but by an imposing phalanx of white minority regimes, encompassing a 1.75 million square mile region in the Southern Africa subcontinent (nearly 20 per cent of all black Africa), including chiefly the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique, together with South Africa and Zimbabwe. The strategic core of this vast White Power stronghold was of course South Africa itself, with four million whites, an industrialized economy heavily financed by U.S. and British interests, and a massive and mobile military capacity. In the early '60s, white rule, seemingly more and more firmly entrenched in South Africa, formed a bulwark of intransigence among the neighboring countries as well.

In November 1965, the Ian Smith government in Zimbabwe, impressed by the stability of South African racism, declared independence from England, whose nominal jurisdiction and presumed constitutional principles had until then held out some prospect of eventual majority rule. Thirteen months later, in December 1966, the United Nations Security Council was moved to vote the "mandatory" sanctions against Smith's government that it had previously declined to impose on South Africa itself. A July 24, 1969 Times-Post Service dispatch commented on the impact: "No one any longer expects sanctions to bring down the government of Prime Minister Ian Smith." The dispatch explains that ". . . the regime is receiving all the imports of oil and other strategic commodities it needs through South Africa . . ." and "Portugal . . . is flouting Security Council resolutions openly." The bonds of mutual support seemed to be holding firm.

But if South Africa's power was the strongest link in the chain, the colonial sovereignty of impoverished Portugal over Angola and Mozambique was the weakest. In September 1964, a united front of Mozambique nationalist organizations, called FRELIMO, launched armed struggle in northern Mozambique. Within two years it had liberated two northern provinces, built up a guerrilla army of some 7000 men trained mainly inside the country, and begun the arduous task of reorganizing production and establishing health, education and a political structure in liberated territory. In 1968 FRELIMO opened a new front, and despite the murder of its leader, Eduardo Mondlane, the Mozambique struggle continues. In 1966,



SOUTHERN AFRICA

Dates indicate year armed struggle began.

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[EDITORIAL]

OPLAN NR 1-10

A FRIGHTENING DOCUMENT, designated in military jargon OPLAN (Operations Plan) NR 10-1, has created a tremendous controversy in this country and in Europe over the last few weeks. It has stirred a healthy and necessary furor, dramatically forcing into the open the kind of questions that responsible policy makers in America don't like to answer and usually manage to avoid.

The document outlines a top secret U.S. contingency plan for waging "unconventional warfare" in Eastern and Central Europe, including detailed instructions for the use of nuclear and chemical-biological weapons (CB), not only against the Soviet Bloc but also against such countries as Italy, Greece, Turkey (all NATO members), Norway and Sweden.

The OPLAN comes into play in a state of war in Europe. The precise contingencies are not clearly defined, but it is assumed that some neutral or pro-U.S. countries would have fallen to the Russians. The plan makes clear that U.S. policy for its allies is Better Dead Than Red, even if the death is a most horrible one from American germs and nuclear bombs.

Obviously the first question raised is that of the document's authenticity. At press time the Defense Department continued to insult the American public by pretending to be unable to provide an answer on this. It was our judgment that only full and immediate revelation of all available details could generate the kind of pressure necessary to break through this arrogant reticence. Accordingly, rather than withhold our story of the document for the three weeks it would take for the magazine to reach our readers, we have made it freely available to all media. Important questions have been raised and cannot wait.

Realistically, one can hardly hope for a fully responsive and satisfactory account from the Pentagon pressmen. But the significance of the entire episode remains, even if this first question of authenticity were definitively settled and the OPLAN rejected as a consummate hoax.

In any case, the question remains: does any U.S. plan covering the same contingencies differ from it on the fundamental points of controversy? Surely we have a right to hear

In a sense the most depressing aspect of this whole affair is the very extremity of public pressure that is required to give people a chance to find out what they have every right to know. Here was a story of profound and ominous implications, but it was only through great difficulty that it received a serious hearing. Its odyssey is well told by the British journalist Schofield Coryell, whose persistence helped keep the story alive, and whose assistance provided RAMPARTS with the document itself, the story behind it and a keen insight into its significance.

The following is from Coryell's report:

THE DOCUMENT ARRIVED IN THE MAIL with a Rome postmark and no return address. The accompanying letter signed with an illegible signature, explained that the material had been entrusted to the sender by the late Major-General Horst Wendland of the German Secret Service (BND), with instructions to publish it at an "appropriate time." Major-General Wendland committed suicide last August, creating a considerable stir in military circles.

The letter went on to say: "My friend [Major-General Wendland] was particularly disturbed by the fact that the Americans could use atomic, chemical, and bacteriological weapons without prior consent of the U.S. Congress or the President, since permission to use them follows automatically when these weapons are supplied to these special groups.

When the two British journals, Peace News and Sanity, published essential elements of the war plans in an attempt to arouse of the British press, only the London Times made any serious mention of it. The Times' piece, totally missing the point, was headlined: "Alleged Secret Documents Published: U.S. to Hand out H-Bombs," and the article mistakenly assumed that the operational plans involved turning over atomic weapons to "indigenous partisan groups," although a careful reading of the material makes it clear that the weapons were at all times to be kept under the control of *American Special Forces*. In view of this gross misinterpretation, it is not surprising that the Times journalist was able to report: "American officials I spoke to in Western Europe were extremely skeptical about the idea that America was apparently so cheerfully prepared to hand out nuclear munitions."

The Times went on to say, however, that: "the alleged secret papers use authentic-sounding American military jargon and military abbreviations and show a knowledge of command structure and other details. If they are forgeries, someone put in an enormous amount of work on them." The reporter concluded: "People I spoke to who take an interest in intelligence work favored the East Germans as the likely authors, if the material is indeed forged."

There is a particularly strong internal indication in the document that makes the idea of an elaborate communist forgery seem unlikely. The fact that Orleans, France, is designated as the operational base and that the loading point for eventual bombing missions is Evreaux suggests that the plans are at least two years old. These locations would have been natural before De Gaulle practically withdrew France from participation in NATO and asked that it take its headquarters elsewhere. Also dating the document are the APO (Army Post Office) numbers which were converted from three to five digits in July 1963. Why, then, should enemy intelligence attempt to discredit the U.S. by fabricating an operational scheme that is out-of-date?

DISCOURAGED BY THE MEAGER RESULTS of their efforts in England, Coryell and the peace magazines decided to send the document, along with Coryell's account of its background, to RAMPARTS in hopes that some impact might be made in the United States. RAMPARTS looked into it and made preparations to run the story. Meanwhile the German magazine Der Stern, which had received a copy of the document from the same anonymous correspondent, published a story announcing its existence and describing its general content. This story, presumably because it originated in Germany itself and because of Der Stern's stature, broke into the press. In this country there remained considerable confusion about the nature of the document and the details of the plans contained in it. Thanks to Mr. Coryell and his associates, RAMPARTS has been able to help remedy this and hopefully to keep the pressure mounting on those oracles of national policy from whom some clear explanations are long overdue.

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the MPLA, the Angolan movement, opened a front in eastern Angola which rapidly extended along lines similar to the struggle in Mozambique.

These two armed struggles were and are a serious drain on Portugal's resources, diverting well over 100,000 troops and 50 per cent of its military budget. But Portugal is not alone. Together, the Unholy Trinity could probably keep the Mozambique and Angolan insurrections under control (South Africa has already sent equipment and troops) *if* they could be contained within the Portuguese colonies.

Thus it was a development of immeasurable significance when the combined force of ZAPU and ANC guerrillas went into action in August 1967 in the Wankie area of Zimbabwe against Ian Smith's South African-reinforced troops. Though the armed struggle remains considerably smaller than those in Angola and Mozambique, the opening of a guerrilla front in Zimbabwe has closed the geographic and strategic gap which existed before. Now from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic there is continuous activity: Angola, Mozambique, Zimbabwe (and the sporadic guerrilla activity in South West Africa and the Caprivi strip). The South African regime has been forced to extend itself beyond its borders: already there are at least 1700 South African troops in Zimbabwe which are indispensable to the maintenance of Ian Smith's regime. South African public opinion is being softened up for the dispatch of a qualitatively larger troop contingent to the Portuguese territories. South Africa is being forced to overextend itself; it must defend white privilege throughout the subcontinent or become an isolated enclave on its own. The whole of Southern Africa, then, is a single theater of struggle. The commencement of fighting within South Africa itself becomes a matter for strategic decision, timing and coordination—although ultimately it seems clear that it must occur, since political activity and international gestures by themselves have proved so impotent.

This is not to say that the guerrillas have abandoned political activity. They recognize it as a critical, indeed an inseparable, part of waging armed struggle—as the story presented here so eloquently shows. Nor should international action be undervalued; it has been and continues to be an indispensable weapon of the revolution. It is, after all, international support which sustains the white minority regimes. American arms supplied through NATO make the Portuguese military effort possible. The refusal to impose sanctions on Portugal and South Africa makes even those that are imposed against Ian Smith a mere diplomatic pleasantry. It was only the massive infusion of emergency financing from the U.S. that saved South Africa from a serious economic crisis following the Sharpeville massacre in 1960. Only domestic popular action can force the Western powers to disengage from their support of the Southern African regimes—in particular, to deter the U.S. from backing the white South Africans in a mad, desperate assault against black Africa as the guerrilla movements gain strength. Organization, education, action; raising funds for the armed struggle; demanding disengagement. We too are part of the struggle in Southern Africa.

—AFRICA RESEARCH GROUP

The Africa Research Group is a Cambridge-based organization devoted to research on African affairs from a radical perspective.

This account of the experiences of an ANC guerrilla in a place which, like the fighter himself, must remain unnamed, was obtained by Ramparts from the ANC through the Africa Research Group.

THE FIGHTING ALLIANCE MADE BY the African National Congress of South Africa was reflected in our group, which consisted mainly of ZAPU members and a few of us from the ANC. The commander was an able comrade from ZAPU, with remarkable leadership qualities. Both at the political and personal level, our fighting was unique. We all realized that the liberation of Zimbabwe was the job of the Zimbabwe people. But we also knew that the unity of the white regimes and particularly the occupation of Zimbabwe by South African forces made cooperation in the liberation front not only desirable, but indispensable, both for our own victory and for the victory of the Zimbabwe people.

After the last big engagement and the continuous bombing which followed during the daylight hours, our commander split the detachment into a number of smaller groups. Our section made its way to our general area of operations. We were hungry and thirsty, but morale on the whole was good. The previous four months taught us a great deal both about ourselves and the enemy. No one had dared to say during that frustrating, dangerous period of inactivity and waiting that we might not be a match for the enemy; deep in our minds, however, we weren't so certain.

But now at last we'd been through it. We'd seen the enemy run in more than one engagement, leaving his dead and wounded. Doubt was replaced by certainty. It would not be easy, this we knew. A few had already lost their lives, a few had been injured and one, so far, had lost his stomach for the fight and had deserted. But those months had taught us that victory is certain, whether we personally survive the fight or not. The weeks that were to follow strengthened this conviction. We continued to give a good account of ourselves. But more than that, it was our village which taught us. It taught us the reality of this thing called "the people" and how it is possible that an enemy a thousand-fold more powerful than ourselves can be defeated.

I remember that morning clearly. For a week we had had no proper food, and no contact with people. Suddenly the sound of a muffled drum and then a cock crowing and donkeys braying. Imagine our joy! The commander sent two of the men who spoke the local language to investigate. Some hours later the reconnaissance group returned and reported that after making an unsuccessful approach to a man in a house on the outskirts, they had been directed to the main village where, in the first house they entered, they had met Old Man. This was our name for him, even though he was a man in his middle twenties. He had a wife and two young children.

"We are fishermen on the river. We are hungry and we have run out of food. Could you give us something to eat and also . . . " Before they could finish Old Man said: "I am not to be played with. I have heard of the war. You must be honest with me. If you are freedom fighters, say so. If you are not, say so."

After some evasion, they became convinced that his expressions of sympathy for our struggle were genuine, and admitted who they were. His response was warming. He shook their hands and hugged them, and for the first time they saw the

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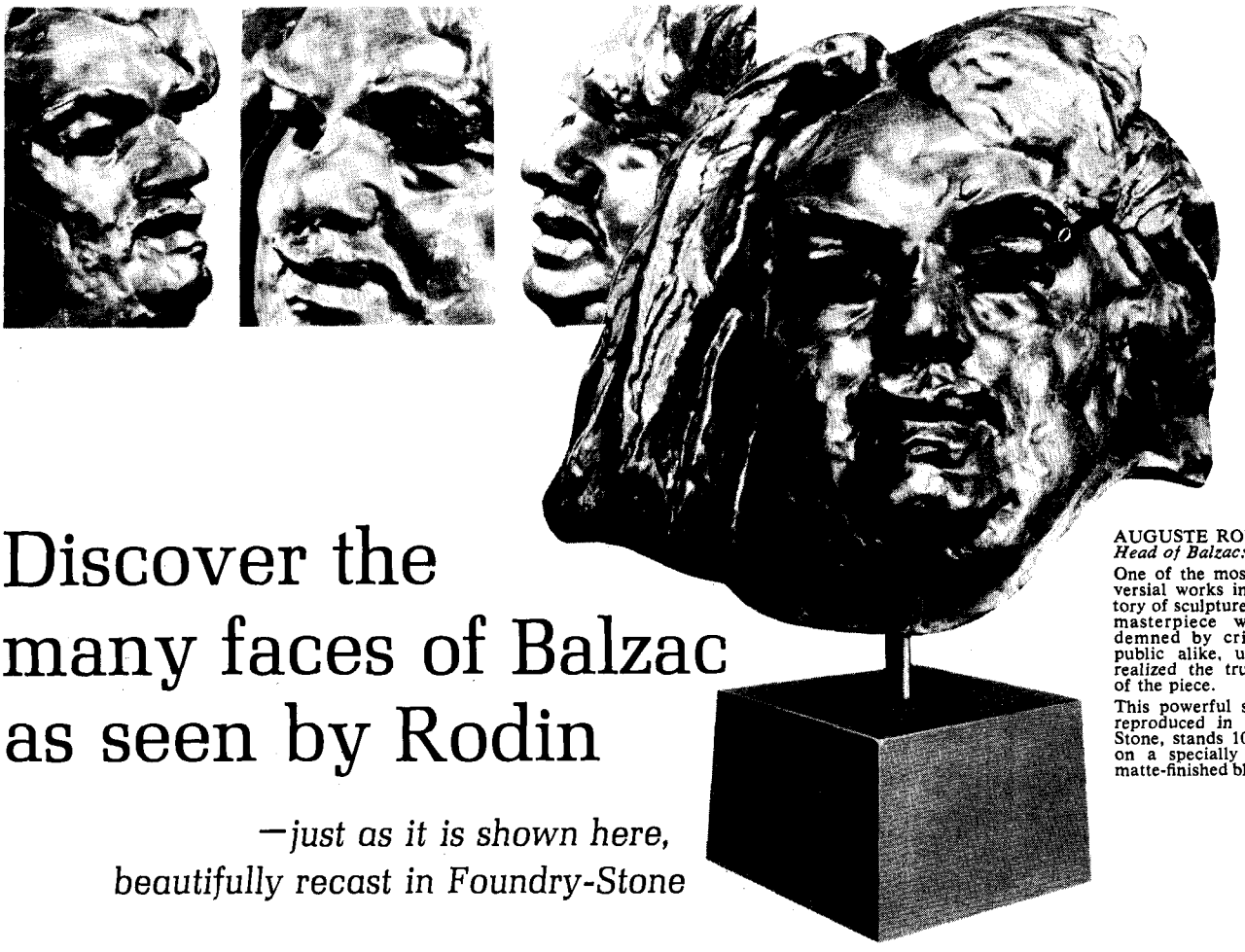

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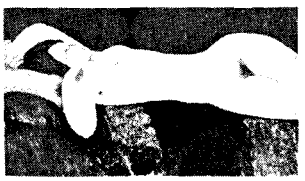

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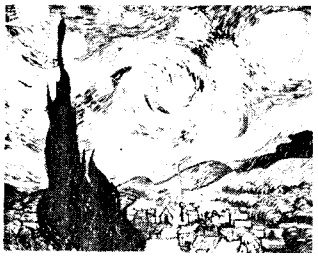

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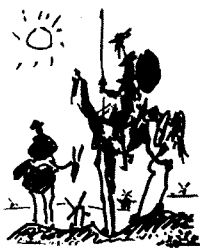

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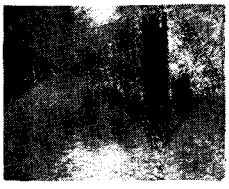

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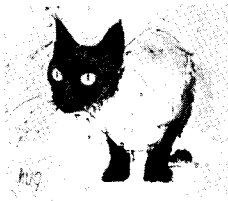

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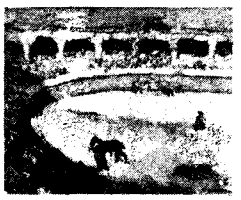

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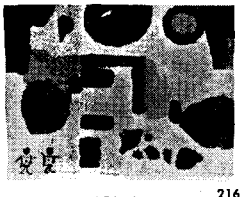

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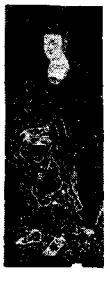

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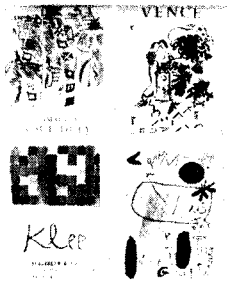

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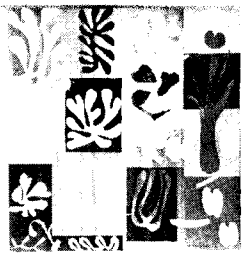

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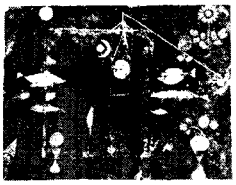

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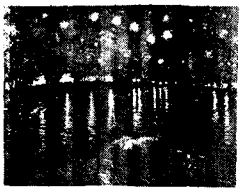

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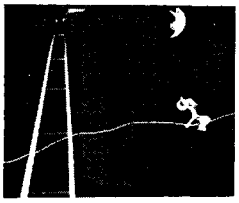

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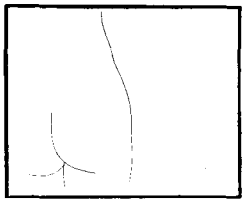

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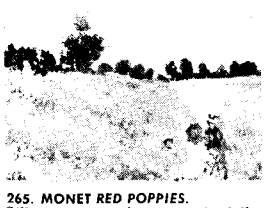

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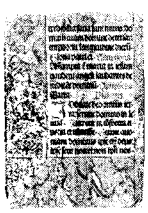

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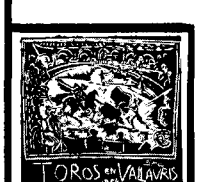

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beaming, happy smile by which we all came to think of him. He at once gave them 50 pounds of mealie meal, two chickens, salt and milk, while indignantly refusing an offer of money. Before they left he said, "If you really are what you say you are, then I want to see your commander. I want to speak to him about something which is just between him and me." He refused to give any hint of what it was he wanted to discuss.

That night we ate our fill and talked of Old Man. Should the commander go? What if it were a trap? Why in any case should he want only the commander? In the end our commander decided that on balance it was a reasonable chance to take, and with the necessary precautions—he was covered by a few of us—he went to Old Man.

Old Man welcomed him and said almost immediately that he was one of those who had been rounded up during the State of Emergency when he knew no politics. "In the camp," he said, "I started thinking for the first time. Now that the war is on, I want to do something, not only to give food. I sit here idling whilst you fight and die. My life is no more valuable than yours. There are others in this village, young men, who will come forward. I know them. I can get them." Of his sincerity there could no longer be any question.

Thinking back on it, we were much too cautious in our attitude. We wanted to be careful. We had been told to be careful. We had learned from bitter experience that one traitor is worth a hundred supporters. But when can you ever be absolutely certain? In any event, the commander told him that his request to go into the mountains would be considered later. Meanwhile, he should recruit no one and tell no one of our presence without first getting permission. He was to leave food, messages and especially information about the enemy at an arranged spot. Throughout these discussions Old Man's wife sat silent and accepting. He had given an indication that what he did, she would do. Every day thereafter, he did his duty.

During the second week he gave us a message from someone claiming to be a comrade of ours who was being hidden in one of the huts in the village and was trying to meet up with his detachment. From the description we concluded that it might be one of our men who had been sent out some months earlier with an ill-fated reconnaissance unit which had suffered heavy casualties. But we could not be certain. Old Man was instructed to take the man to an arranged spot without giving him an opportunity to talk to anyone.

He was taken there. It *was* our comrade. What a reunion! It was joyous like a township party. We laughed so much, it was getting risky; in the open sound travels dangerously. That night he told us of his reconnaissance unit, of the heroism and death of B, of the battle which their section had put up against superior numbers (they had been ambushed and caught unawares), of how he fought until he was wounded, rolled down a river bank and crawled to safety. From then on he had searched continually, trying to join one of our detachments, helped all the time by ordinary peasants who hid him and gave him food. He told us too that the villagers who had hidden him were anxious to join our section. Again we felt that making such contacts was premature—probably wrongly.

Then, almost casually, he related something which came to have a most important connection with what was to happen to us. The people with whom he had been staying had advised him to carry out the custom which every stranger for his own good must do whenever he comes to a village in the area: visit the local Maswikero (fortune teller). Only *he* would be able to say whether our stay would be safe.

The first day this was mentioned, it was as a part of the story of his experiences in the village. We soon noticed, however, that some members of our group continued to talk about it. Eventually they raised the matter with the commander. The commander called us all together. He explained that we had received advice from the local people which some of the men strongly felt should be followed because we should respect local custom. Many of us spoke against it: "We can't follow all the traditions in our special situation. If this is the tradition, then the police must go there too. Informers must also go there. Is it right for us to take such a risk?" Someone asked whether this could be done secretly. The answer given was no.

After two days of discussion, some of the fighters became impatient. "You despise our customs," one of them said. "You undermine our traditions. Is it because you are communists? This is Africa, and to achieve our aim we have to follow our own traditions." In all six months of sharing hardship and battle (up to now we had already buried six of our men, four ZAPU and two ANC), there had been a warm, wonderful comradeship between us. Now for the first time there was friction, sharpness, even anger. The commander, who sensed this friction and the way it was beginning to divide us at a most irrational level—a level at which pure argument does not always prove to be adequate—decided on a compromise. If Old Man confirmed this tradition, then he should take our comrade who had been hidden in the village to the Maswikero.

Old Man, who confirmed the existence of this tradition, urged us strongly not to send *him*, "because," he said, "I don't want to show my face with one of you." This was obviously right. Instead, he arranged for his uncle to do the job. On Saturday evening they met and set off for the Maswikero. After standing in a long queue their turn came and the uncle, who by then had drunk quite a quantity of the beer sold on the premises, said to the Maswikero, "I have brought a representative of the freedom fighters and they have come to find out whether they will be successful." The answer came: "I see blood in all you are saying. I won't take your money, but everything will be peaceful. I will arrange a mist to cover you on the route to any place you want to go."

On their way out of the hut, the uncle consoled our comrade in loud whispers, saying that he should not worry and not take too seriously the part about the blood. He babbled sympathetically about the freedom struggle, and so on. Not far from the Maswikero they were stopped and questioned by two Security Policemen who had followed them. The uncle explained that his friend had come from Salisbury to see the fortune teller whose fame is widespread. He would be leaving the next morning. For some reason they were allowed to proceed, and our comrade returned safely, after taking extra precautions to make sure that he was not being followed.

The following day brought shattering news. When we went to our supply point, we did not find Old Man, but someone else. He told us that the uncle had been arrested and had collapsed under interrogation. The village was invaded by Security Forces and a search was on for Old Man who had been warned just in time, and was proceeding to a spot in the mountains where it had been previously arranged that we would meet him in just such an emergency. It was now nighttime and the commander decided to wait until first light to keep this

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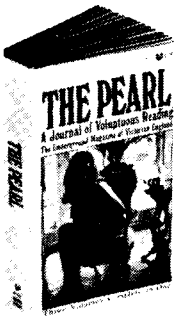

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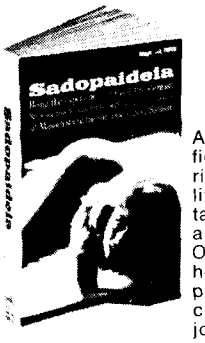

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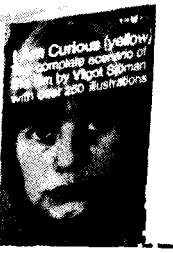

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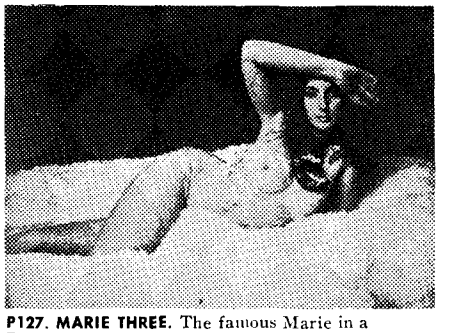

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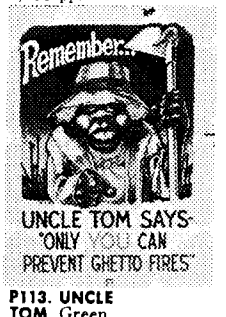

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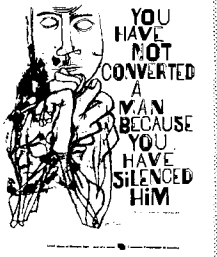

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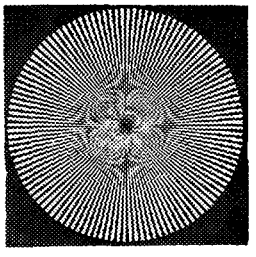

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rendezvous, since we had not arranged a call sign and he feared that our approach at night might cause Old Man to panic.

At first light, a section was detailed to move toward the rendezvous point two hours away. We approached in skirmish formation. Suddenly the air was filled with bursts of gunfire. They came from the direction of the rendezvous point. We crept closer, and there in front of us, already moving toward the village, was a large, well-armed enemy force carrying the limp body of Old Man. We were neither strong enough nor positioned well enough to invite a battle.

We moved back to base. That day, even the hardest among us shed tears. The commander gathered us together. We stood, heads bowed in silence for our brave, smiling Old Man. We knew then that without people like him, we are nothing.

A few days later, after taking precautions, we managed to make contact with the Old Man's wife. There were no tears, just sadness. She spoke about the struggle for the first time. She asked why it was that he had to die without a gun in his hand. "Just running," she said. "Why didn't you carry out his wish to take him into the mountains with you?" We explained as best we could that Old Man was doing as much of a soldier's job as if he had carried a gun, that his was the death of a freedom fighter in battle. "It is often much easier to be brave with a gun in your hand than to carry on as Old Man did, risking his life every minute of the day without defense, and alone." I think she understood for she put an end to the talk of Old Man by saying, "And how are you going to eat? And be told things? I will see that it is done."

OLD MAN'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS assembled from many parts of the country. Among them was a young boy from the Z area who was appointed to continue the supply work. This he did with enthusiasm and efficiency. He was in a continuous state of excitement about the reports of fighting in many parts of the country. He wanted to join us and to bring some friends along; he also told us of some excellent terrain in the Z area in which supplies could be stored and from which operations would be effective, particularly in view of its proximity to large population groups. We refused his offer. Again, possibly mistakenly. We were being cautious almost to a fault.

Some days later we received a message that the house of Old Man's widow was under the strictest surveillance, that it would be dangerous for anyone connected with her to continue doing the supply and contact work, and that another old man, a villager (this time the description fitted the age, for he was also called Old Man), would take over. We were encouraged by this further proof that the reserves of sympathy, loyalty and readiness to sacrifice are large. How it was all discussed and decided in the village was a mystery to us. The new Old Man did his job as the contacts before him had. He refused to be paid for anything which came out of the villagers' own stock. Things like meat and vegetables were given free though we tried to press them to accept some money. It was only for items which had to be purchased at the local store that money was accepted, and then every single penny was accounted for.

The time had come to move. We had built up a reasonable stock of food; our physique and weight were back to normal. The commander worked out a plan of march toward the Z area described by the young boy. We were to proceed in two groups, with two hours distance between us.

I don't know whether it was the result of a leakage of information or whether we had somehow betrayed ourselves by relaxation of vigilance (for example, we cooked at night in an area which was out of bounds to villagers and the fire may have been spotted), but, shortly before we were due to move, we suddenly observed a well-camouflaged enemy force of company strength advancing on our base in skirmish formation. It was early in the morning. We knew that once the fight started we would be harassed until nightfall from the air, but we had no option. Our retreat would have been up hilly ground and it was too late to sneak away. Quickly the commander whispered his orders and they were passed on. The group of which I was a member, due to set off toward the Z area, would start moving a short while after the commencement of the battle. The other group, under our commander, would remain to cover our retreat. The order to fire was given, and we punished the enemy badly from our well dug-in positions. The usual pattern was repeated. Their ground forces moved away and the aerial bombardment started. Our group was then ordered to move as arranged. During the fight we lost two men, one of them our medical officer.

After moving about half a mile I felt my right leg getting weaker and weaker. I looked down, and for the first time, a blood-covered boot told me that I had been wounded. It must have been shrapnel from a grenade. I could no longer walk. There was no alternative but to leave me. I was taken to our new Old Man. He hid me in a dug-out in a field near the village. I was told that our unit would return for me in a few days.

Next to the death of Old Man, this separation from my comrades was for me the saddest time. With them I felt strong, almost invincible. Alone I felt like nothing. Every noise and every movement put fear into me. Every night the new Old Man came to me with food. He nursed my wound with an impressive skill. He regularly applied hot poultices of boiled leaves, and used some balm made out of local roots. After a few days, when the infected area seemed ready, he applied more and more poultices, and after making a small incision with a sterilized knife, pressed gently round the area, and a metal fragment came out. My recovery thereafter was speedy. But ten days had now gone by. My unit had not returned for me and there was daily news of increased fighting all over the country, including intensive activity in the Z area.

After the new Old Man had discussed it with friends in the village, he suggested that it would be dangerous for me to remain any longer. The area was now being combed by Security Forces and my unit was obviously unable to return for me in time. He suggested that he guide me back to a place of safety where I could once again join our freedom forces. This he did at great risk, and with great skill and devotion.

It struck me later that after the disastrous fortune teller incident nothing at all was said of it in our detachment. No recriminations, and no apologies. We were all close once again. All understood now. It had to be learned, not from books, but from life. As for the mists, this was not the season for them. But we had all learned that what will really keep us secure and covered in our route are our millions of oppressed countrymen who will throw up thousands of people like Old Man, like his widow, like the youth, like the new Old Man, and like all the other people in *our* village.

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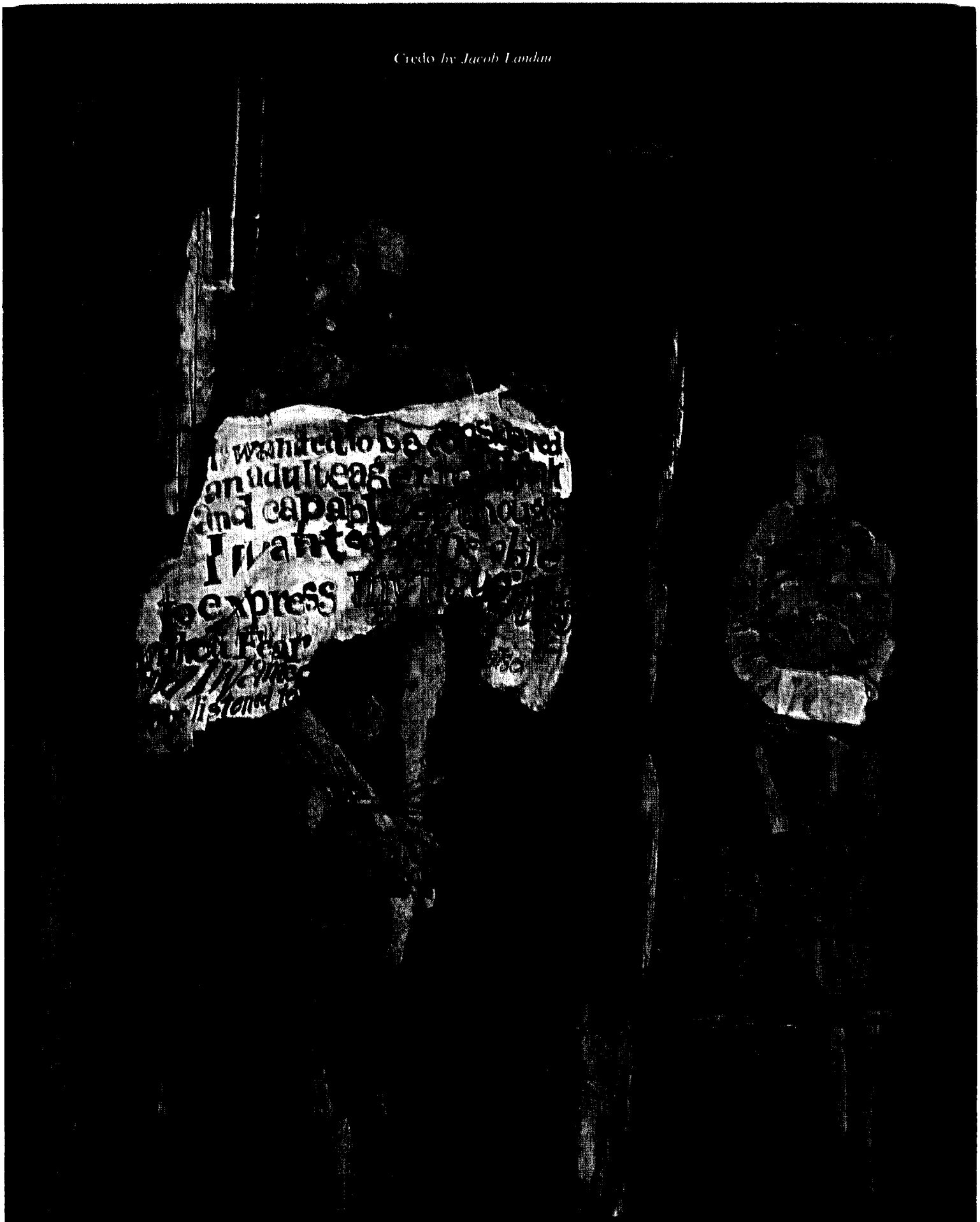

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[About this issue]

As the reader thumbs through this issue he will be struck by something unique in Ramparts' history: all of the artwork, including the cover, was done by one artist—Jacob Landau.

This is not to herald a new format nor is it likely to be repeated, simply because the scope, power and extraordinary relevance of Mr. Landau's work is not likely to be found elsewhere.

These paintings were not commissioned by Ramparts to illustrate specific articles. Rather they are recent major statements by a literate and concerned artist which parallel in a special way the contents of this magazine.

[Walter Kaufmann on Jacob Landau]

Here is art that is unmistakably modern and at the same time in the tradition of Goya and Blake. One is immediately struck by the immense, highly personal power and urgency that set Landau's work apart; also by the magnificent colors and unusual color combinations in the large watercolors. Even before one begins to study the pictures more closely, one is convinced that the artist has something to communicate; that he is not merely out to contrive novel effects but driven by visions of his own. He is extremely versatile, equally at home in prints, drawings, and watercolors, in myth, social criticism, and apocalypses. But whatever he does, he does with his whole heart, mind, and might; and hence there is a striking unity—derived not from any manner but from the man.

The titles of these works are often enormously illuminating and provide at the very least an initial focus. "He Who Laughs . . .", for example, makes a point; but none of these pictures merely make a point. They also celebrate the joys of rhythm and design, of assured craftsmanship, and bear witness of the torments and the turmoil of the modern world. They do not suggest that things used to be better; in fact, they suggest nothing simple at all. Instead of falling in with one or another fashion of the day, Landau's art is aimed against clichés. He refuses to cry, "peace, peace," when there is no peace; but he finds life in a world without peace still worth living; and terror, a challenge.

[Jacob Landau on Art, etc.]

No, Marshall, we don't prefer the bad news to the good; drowned in the bad, the No, we can perhaps be forgiven if we seek the good, the Yes, the God, the happy-ending-acid-smack-junk-plastic-paroxysmal-Tech paradise. Technology is God, art is its prophet; shaped, molded, assembled, motorized, polarized, environmented, electrified, kineticized, plasticized, metallized, boxed, baled, dehydrated, freeze-dried, slicked-out art acts to boom-bust artists and zap publics. Craving more and bigger fixes, we consume words, sensations, images with our daily violence at a numbing pace. Jacques Ellul writes: "When man himself becomes a machine, he attains to the marvellous freedom of unconsciousness, the freedom of the machine itself . . . man feels himself to be responsible but he is not. He does not feel himself an object, but he is." Where does all the swallowed anger, the consumed violence go when the distance between actor and acted upon, dreamer and dream widens? Where does all the love go when narrowed to a point of flesh at a point in time? Only the freedom to hate and kill the alien outsider or the equally alien self remains. And, beyond it, the unacknowledged hunger for oblivion, apocalypse?

Tech art, like Tech progress, is the poor man's mythology, a medium without a message, exploration swallowed by exploitation, the politics of the possible. The artist who embraces the myth of permanent revolution, the changing of the avant-garde, displays only this year's models in the game of show and sell. The art of confrontation with the real, the art of tragic love, of passionate outrage, is both possible, and necessary. It may be found in folk, in rock, theater, cinema, and yes, even in painting. It cries, with Burroughs, "show your cards all players. Pay it all pay it all pay it *all* back"; it asks with The Doors, "What have they done to the earth?/ What have they done to our fair sister?/ Ravaged and plundered / and ripped her and bit her / stuck her with knives / in the side of the dawn . . ."; or it constructs a mosaic of abrasive images in the hope of vivifying the narcotized, saying "neither a pusher nor a pushover be," expressing hope and love in the face of terror, declaring, again with Burroughs, "with your help we can occupy the reality studio."

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Part I

The Black Moochie

A Novella by Eldridge Cleaver

While incarcerated in State Prison in 1966, Eldridge Cleaver wrote the following notes for an autobiography, novel or whatever, on his experiences while growing up in Los Angeles. On my recent visit with him in Algeria, I was shown the manuscript and felt that it should be published. It provides an insight into an important part of Cleaver's early life and further evidence of his immense power as a writer. The names have been changed for legal reasons. Part II will appear in the November issue.

Upon returning from Algeria, I was promptly subpoenaed to appear before the Federal Grand Jury meeting in San Francisco, and ordered to turn over all records of activities performed on behalf of Eldridge Cleaver's legal defense. The State and Justice Departments have evoked a series of regulations making contact with Cleaver illegal; this subpoena is part of the general pattern of harassment. We regard these regulations as unconstitutional and intend to challenge them.

Cleaver has agreed to be the International Editor of this magazine and reports by him will appear regularly.—ROBERT SCHEER

THEY CALLED ME "THE BLACK MOOCHIE," because I ran with the Mexicans. It started early; the word "Mexican" burned into my brain in Arkansas, where there were none. Mother told me that we would see Mexicans in Arizona. All the way on the train I kept asking her to show me a Mexican. I expected to see something beyond human, something beyond imagination. I don't remember the first Mexican I saw. It may have been a whole crowd of them. What I remember is pressing my face to the plate glass window of the Tortilletta in Phoenix, trying to see the Mexicans inside mixing masa with their feet, as it was said they did. I don't remember seeing them do that, but I remember being outraged at the idea of them doing it. It was unbelievable that people could put their dirty feet in food and still eat it. Worse, sell it to others to eat. Worse yet, others buying it knowing it was mixed by foot. My image of feet was of stinky feet, like my brother James' feet. James had real funky feet. What if a Mexican had feet like James and stuck them in the masa? It would be a violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act, for sure. Then we moved to Los Angeles, to Rose Hill, and I went to school with Mexicans. These were the first human Mexicans I knew. In Rose Hill, they detached themselves from shadows in my mind and became for real. Chicanos.

Arnaldo Martinez, Roberto Areaga, Nanny Goat and me, we were natural buddies—perhaps because we were of the same pitch of insanity. We called Arnaldo "Junior," and Roberto we called "Jap," "Honorable Jap," and I don't even know Nanny's real name. They called me "Sapo." Negroes called me the "black moochie," with overtones of derision, because I put them down and ran with the Mexicans. Why did I dig the Mexicans more? I liked the way they did things. And then my family chose to move to Rose Hill instead of Watts or the East Side where all the Negroes lived, because there were some very phony Negro families in Rose Hill. The ones with boys my age had long since turned them into sissies by keeping them under the family thumb—like Charlie and Floyd Grant. Floyd was exactly my age, but he had no backbone. If his father told him to come home early and we wanted to stay out late, Floyd went home to his father and spoiled everything. Charlie was even more sissified than Floyd. The only other Negroes my age were Bobby Hooper and Donald, who was just a little younger. We ran together for a while, until the first time we went to Juvenile Hall. When we got out, Bobby became almost a saint. That left only the Mexicans. They were like me—wild, crazy, didn't give a damn. We were happy together.

I envied the way Junior's shoes would shine. Mine never would shine like that. I'd rub mine all night long, but they just wouldn't shine like Junior's. Junior used to come to school with his shiny shoes on and I'd get mad. Everybody dug the way his shoes held a shine. Junior would play the part, as if he didn't know what it was all about. But he knew, and he would stick his shoes out for everyone to see. Once I stepped on his shine on purpose, on the sly.

"Meet me after school, *mayate*," Junior said.

After school, everybody was there. Junior was over-matched, but what he taught me that day was that even though he was a little cat compared to me and even though he knew in advance that he would get whipped, there was a pride in fighting back when someone tried to bully you. We drew each other's blood, but in the years to come we never fought again and were the best of friends.

Mrs. Brick was my teacher and she looked like Betty Grable. All the cats were in love with her. We'd rub up against her and try to peep under her dress. We'd dream about her at night. She had a fine ass and big tits. She dressed sexy. I used to get a hard-on just looking at her. She knew that we wanted to fuck her, to suck her tits. One day when we were returning from the music room, Mrs. Brick marched the whole class up the stairs. I liked Michele Ortaga then. She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Her skin was white as milk and she had long black hair. She was very delicate, very feminine—even at that titless, shapeless age. What I liked about her was that whenever I looked at her she would blush, turn red from her neck up. Her ears would glow. I was the only boy who could make her change colors. While we were waiting at the top of the stairs that day, I found myself opposite Michele. I had been conscious of her beauty all afternoon. During music period I'd been staring at her, making her blush, and while we stood at the top of the stairs I was staring at her. I said to her: "I love you, Michele."

Her neck caught fire, the red flames lit up her ears. "I hate you!" Michele hissed at me. We traded words back and forth.

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For some forgotten reason, I wound up saying: "Your mother is fat as an elephant." Michele, hurt and embarrassed, burst out in tears. Mrs. Brick came to see what was happening. Michele told her I had called her mother an elephant. Mrs. Brick turned on me with flame in her eyes, and I could see a hatred that frightened me. "You black nigger!" she snarled, and slapped my face. It sounded like a shot going off in my ear—the words, I mean—I don't think I even felt the blow. Her words brought tears to my eyes.

From that day on, Mrs. Brick still looked like Betty Grable. She still had a fine ass and nice tits, she still dressed real sexy, and she still kept me with a hard-on. But my feeling for her was no longer the warm desire of the lover. What I felt for her was the lust/hatred of the rapist. I felt about the same for Michele. I could still make her blush, but between us there was a deep abyss into which something of us that was bathed in sunlight had fallen forever.

Years after graduating from the grammar school, me and Jap and Junior were pushing Junior's car down North Huntington Drive, trying to kick the motor over. Behind us a woman stopped her car to give us a shove. I waved to the driver to guide her car's bumper into Junior's. Just as I ran to jump into Junior's car, I saw that the driver of the other car was Mrs. Brick. We recognized each other, smiled and waved. Junior, Jap and me had all been in her class together. "That's Mrs. Brick!" I shouted as I jumped into Junior's car. She honked her horn and waved and smiled as she passed us by and disappeared in front of us.

I remember Mrs. Brick. I remember Michele. Do they remember me? Did we scar each other mutually? Can a girl you made both blush and cry not remember you in some deep rhythm of her soul?

This land of blood. This soil groans under the weight of how we cut each other to bits. The blood I have let. The blood I have bled. The pain I have given. The pain I have felt. Michele Ortaga, girl of black hair and white skin, girl with the flaming neck, I will carry your image into eternity—graven into my soul, burnt forever into my skull, a part of my life, real, significant, a memory of flesh and blood. This small thing—that we chanced to attend the same school on this civilized planet hurtling through space, that because we were of the same age we were in the same class, that because we were in the same class I discovered the flutter of your heart. I knew how to make you feel anticipations of your budding womanhood by my way of looking budding manhood into your eyes. Whatever hatred of you I carried for years after that day on the stairs, I no longer have. I have for you now only the pure love of the memory of your flaming neck, your bright eyes, your smile at me, Michele.

EAGLE ROCK. HIGHLAND PARK. Arroyo Seco Park. Freeway. The Los Angeles River. The Dam. The hills. The Midget Auto Races. Fishing. Hiking. Model airplanes. The cops always somewhere, hovering, a vague presence, reeking the stink of a bad dream. The Sun. The dry dirt, parched expanses. Birds—doves, killdees, sparrows, hawks, pigeons, quail, robins. Snakes. Tarantulas. Gopher holes. Spiders. Rabbits.

The long twisting distances. The good feeling at the top of a steep hill after the long climb up. The serenity of aloneness. A girl named Fay and I on the hill at the tank. Fay sitting on the wall. Fay took everything tender between us to the grave with her: beyond my power to pull her back from the clutch of death—death so cruel as to silence her laughter, still the beating of her passionate heart, make cold those hot lips of hers. She had such pleasure to give; she enjoyed life so. My heart pounding. How to protect Fay. Me standing on the edge of the cliff to frighten Fay. Going out farther on the lip of the cliff to make her ache for me. Fay in love with Cutie. My pain.

How I pursued her and won her love too late. Yes, I stalked her love as if it were a wild animal; I trapped it with an unobtrusive love. I was always there when she needed someone to fill the hours of her loneliness, to drive her around Los Angeles, to lend her money when her allotment check was late. I offered her companionship, protection, a helping hand that did not try to grasp her, though I ached to embrace her. This has to be rendered very delicately, very indirectly, because Fay was very delicate, very indirect, exquisite in the beauty of her existence. The earth flattered itself by decorating its face with Fay. Jail. Her death. The telegram: Fay passed away Tuesday morning at three a.m. Burial will be in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Signed Mother. The Valentine's Day Card. Rickey. Her husband. Our hike. Selling dope. The Rain. The narks wise to weather. Fay at my mother's. Her hair, her sweet scent, her body. The Wyamine tubes. Near wreck. Took her to the General Hospital. The fear, madness. The circles the brain goes round in. Burt's Store, the Project. Fay waving at Frank, Cutie, Oldie and me, as we rounded the bend in Frank's Chevy; she was sitting there on the stone stairs, reading a magazine, her legs held close together prettily, sexily.

Lulu Jean and Cassie side by side in the grass. I'm fucking first one, then the other. Lulu Jean has a thick patch of red hair. Cassie is bald and too small to enter, but in her mind she is big as a gate and she won't leave me alone long enough to enjoy Lulu Jean. Hot Lulu Jean, tight and moist and working toward you in search of a mutual moment of pleasure. But Cassie keeps threatening to "go tell" if I don't "do" her. We'd gone into the hills to pick wild mustard greens.

The most beautiful green grass of my life was in Arroyo Seco Park. It was like many green football fields placed side by side and end to end. The water sprinklers were always working. Somewhere someone was always mowing the lawn. We felt like aliens, expecting someone to run us away. We had no idea that we had a perfect right to use this city property, to be in the park, to stay as long as we liked. We had no sense of "a right" to use the park, or anything else—not even a right to life.

We'd stay mostly in the park, with our slingshots, trying to shoot birds. We were really good shots, as deadly accurate as rifles. We never got a killdee—not in years of trying. We thought them specially protected by God in person. We'd shoot straight at them and miss. Perfect shots, but never a dead killdee. Any other bird within range was in a heap of trouble. Our slingshot culture: a time existed when I couldn't hit the side of a barn with a marble; the time came when I could put out a match, hit the headlight of a moving car, knock a morning dove off the telephone wire or out of a tree, brain a rabbit if it paused in its run to gauge its enemy. Our lives were given to finding car inner tubes that were of the right rubber. We favored red tubes, best for the stretch and snap-back. By

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stretching the rubber we knew if we had good stuff. We'd look for little cracks in the rubber when it was stretched to full tension. We'd haunt gas stations for old tubes of quality. We read the deterioration of the modern world through the decrease in the quality of the car inner tubes. Seeking tubes in El Sarreno, Alhambra, Pasadena. We went all the way to El Monte on foot once, but never again. Exploring the world. The madness of our foot treks! We might show up anywhere, we didn't care. It told of the quality of our lives, our needs.

Bobby Hooper was a dead-eye shot, could hit anything; Charlie and Floyd were good; Donald was good. The Mexicans were all good, and dreadful. They'd pass by at a distance with their vicious dogs. Sometimes we'd have our little wars, exchange vollies. I was deadly—the most accurate, the most daring shot. The others would be trying to creep up on a pair of doves: flap! I'd down a dove from way back. Incredible shot! Uncanny shot! Skill mixed with luck, that's all it was. The others thought maybe I had some dark secrets. I encouraged this superstition, but in truth I'd just take careful aim and let go (that was for long shots). Sometimes I'd hit; mostly I'd miss. But when we were within range, we were all deadly.

Hide-and-go-seek. Kick the can. Count to a hundred; count back down from a hundred to give everyone time to hide, then seek them out. Find them and beat them back to home to call them out. This was the moment of our heat—fondling the amazing bodies of girls in the seclusion of dark bushes, feeling their little hairs, their budding breasts, the warmth of their flesh, all caught up in the fever of our growth. Wild, implacable nights without care.

We moved in droves, sweeping over the earth like a plague of locusts, from Rose Hill of sweet youth to Ramona Gardens, past Lincoln Park, the next nearest cluster of niggers. To their dances on Thursday nights. Money for wine was a must. Two fifths of Santa Fe to guzzle down as we walked the tracks of the Sierra Vista Local. Irene and Laura, Claudine and Elizabeth, Anne Bee—those hot-bodied black girls of our age, niggresses whose bodies we'd rub in the slow drag of the scrunch across the dance floor. Our knives open at the ready in our pockets in case the Mexicans wanted to get in, or in case the niggers wanted to get us, as they sometimes did, because of the girls. The sound of the Blues thick in the dim room. Funk of our sweat mixed with wine-breath, cigarette smoke, stale air, cheap perfume and hot snatch.

Filbert Duerte. Me and Filbert hit it off. (What is this nostalgia reaching back into the dustbins of memory, dredging up old forgotten friendships with white people? Dusting them off and examining them?) They are all gone anyway, fled into the anonymity of the megalopolis, some of them like Houseman's lads and lassies, their mouths stopped with dust. Irma, I remember, and Katherine Bowlinda, and that little red-headed, green-eyed broad who used to talk with me all during Mr. Avakian's class. Virginia and her goofy brother Richard, who lived on Mercury Avenue but remained aloof from Rose Hill, from the world of the Project and from the hills. But they are my life. Rex Wilkinson and Lloyd Collins spitting in each other's faces, laughing like idiots each time. And Mark, making his weird sounds like a barking dog. My mind drifts back through the years to the halls of the school once again. Mrs. Ritchard. Mrs. Collins. Lulu Bell, tall and high-yellow, sitting across the room from me in Mrs. Ritchard's room on the second floor, lascivious beyond her years with big tits and full ass, a woman's body in grammar school. Out each afternoon to sports. Exercise. Kickball. Baseball. Dodgeball. My forte.

Mrs. Dwyer was my first teacher at Huntington Drive Street School. The class was in the garden my first day. I was shown the way to her. I remember her smiling, with greying hair, her dress blowing in the breeze—she remains essentially a blur. Veils of blue silk hang from her and flutter gently in the wind. There were days in the garden when she'd squat down to show someone how to turn the soil with a hand spade. We'd seize this chance to look under her dress at her dark parts, always hidden. Those strange parts of her, the contemplation of which caused a fever in one's blood. Mrs. Collins was mean. "Woe be unto you!" was her constant refrain. Lloyd's mother. High-yellow. Mean nigger bitch. Loved to slap you silly. Mrs. Readerman was beyond beautiful—she was unbelievable. How I used to wish that I was back in kindergarten again, back in Mrs. Readerman's room.

1946 or '47: the tunnel leading from the school gate under the Sierra Vista Local, the Pasadena Special, the Alhambra Line. This tunnel led to South Huntington Drive, from North to South. There was another one doing the same thing at the other end of the school yard. Each morning all classes lined up at eight a.m. sharp to pledge allegiance to the flag as it was run up the pole. "I hedge all-allegiance to the rag of the Disunited States of America and to the republic for which it falls, many nations, divisible, with liberty and justice for some." This was how we used to say it.

Saturdays and Sundays: heaven was to take the street car downtown to one of the grand theaters. American movies in the golden age of my youth. Once we saw Danny, one of the Marijuanos, downtown with Beatrice, whom he later married. Beatrice used to go to Wilson with my sister, Helen. Most everybody else in Rose Hill went to Lincoln. Danny gave Jap a dollar to carry a little brown bag back to Rose Hill and keep it for him. The bag was full of brown cigarettes. "*Marijuana*!" Jap said excitedly to us. This was fantastic. We all felt as though we shared a great secret. We all wanted to be there when Jap returned the stuff to Danny. This was a big moment in our lives.

To the Catholic Church every Thursday at two p.m. for catechism, a way to beat the schoolroom. Always a chance to sneak out of church, away from the nuns. Jacqueline Coles in the Christmas Pageant, singing in the choir. I could pick out her voice above all the others. She and I could have been in love. Her father probably talked against me, so that when I tried to hit on her she responded very maturely, as if what I proposed was kid stuff. Bitch. Married a professional football player. Had a baby. Got divorced. Became a cop.

Camp in the summer, up into the mountains. It may be that my first trip to jail was because I believed that I'd get a chance to go back to camp! That crazy show we put on at the Project. Me and Lloyd and Bobby doing The Cannibal King. The Movies. Federation Dances. The football we'd play on the vacant lots. Jimmy Jones was great. Broken field runner. Too short and not heavy enough to make varsity. Spark plug of the B team. Go, you Lincoln Tigers. Our team had spirit. Chauvinism. From Huntington Drive Street School, we would go on to Lincoln. Most of the patties went to Wilson in El Sarreno. We hated Wilson. They hardly ever beat us in anything. If they beat us in football, we'd just about die, hang our heads in shame. My soul was in Lincoln even when my body was still in Huntington Drive. I remember graduation day. A big deal.

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Festivities out on the black top in the blazing sun. It seemed like the day would never end.

The Judeos on Boundary. The Judeos in the little store across from the school. Tight mothers, selling penny candies for two cents. These were the type of Jews that made you anti-semitic, but who knew whether or not they were really Jews? Except that they resembled my idea of what a Jew looked like. And they had accents. They were scurvy, weird. We'd only go to them when it was absolutely necessary. When we came into their store, they knew that we had no choice, so they did us in, openly hostile. There must be a billion grocery stores in America! Vegetables, bread, canned goods, bottles, meat in the display window, cookies, cokes, goodies in cellophane bags.

How wonderful it was when mother got paid and came home with her shopping bags full. Sometimes we were such savages that we would not even go meet her, to help her bring home food for us to eat! I think I distinguished myself in that I was always trying to be helpful to her. I used to go help her clean up those schoolrooms, but I was so slow that I slowed her down.

I remember all of these things, these people. They deserve to live. I must make them live. Huntington Drive Street School, the core of our relationship, brought us all together. I feel that I knew and loved people then as I have never done since. There was more mutual love all the way around, more respect for natural ability. When someone picked me for their dodgeball team, they knew that they were picking a winner. It used to gas me all the way down to my toes to have a girl pick me as her first choice. Those were the beautiful days of my youth. Those are the days to which I flee for refuge. Those are the days that now have the power to restore my spirits. The beauty of our lives then—we were all fresh and could have been saved. But the death of our hope was being formed there without our knowing what or where. There is a love between the members of a school class. You come up through the ranks together and diverge in your separate ways, drifting further and further apart. How many of us made this scene of mine, this prison scene? In my years of confinement, I've run across few, if any. Did I, then, bring this virus with me from Arkansas? Do I have a rare blood type?

John, Howard and George. Pretty George Johnson with the curly hair lived on the hill across the tracks. All those cats who used to seem so much sharper than me, so much hipper, turned into weird cats—duds. I mean this not disrespectfully but as an observation: those cats made weird trips in life. Howard, who used to beat up on me and John for smoking pot, later on came to me to buy his joints. We'd get a kick out of how he used to be so against weed. My life a tangent. I did a lot of looking, a lot of lusting, because of this cross-cultural thing. The Black Moochie. Incredible, me making all the scenes on the Chicano circuit. We didn't comb the black circuit, so I was actually absorbing the patterns of the Chicanos. The kick of cruising in the car interminably with emphasis on digging the chicks. But all cats do it. It's just that our circuit was East L.A. There was hardly ever a clash on the race thing, yet I was excluded. When we went to weddings we ate outside, ostensibly because we didn't want to go in, but really because of me. And my buddies, perhaps one at a time, would take a stroll inside. But I too used to stroll inside sometimes. I was from Rose Hill.

ROSE HILL CHINGA. The memorable parties. The Zenda Ball Room. Jam sessions at the Floral Drive-In Theater. The Angelus Ball Room. The Narbo Grill—the one right there on Olympic and Central. Hamms. Tubs. Armands. Madness! Tickler. Cutie. Frank. Me. Scheming on the broads. Wasn't it my fault that they didn't score more often? This is painful to admit, but it's the truth. I must have known this and blinded myself to it. Trapped. Energy turning inwards and not even knowing it, not knowing what was happening. We made those scenes. We were known on sight as regulars. Our ears were tuned to our circuit. Vamps from Rose Hill, the guys with the bag. This was our license for entry anywhere.

Gloria came to score one night with some cats. When she saw me at Lincoln, she knew what I was up to. The word was out on me. My sharp clothes told on me also. I was a fool seeking recognition. My '39 Chevy. 70 dollars. Got a ticket in it. Frank driving it with a broken leg. Again the narks declined to take us in. What was the meaning of such luck? We had been to the Apple Cider Mill on Mission Road. Bought a case of beer. Cops spotted us. Followed our car. Frank, his leg broken, tried to push me behind the wheel. Cops shook us down for dope but found none. Let us go.

We were so stupid we couldn't even find any whores to buy pussy. Walking around with hundreds of dollars in our pockets, walking down the red light district and couldn't even find a whore. What was happening? Frank wrecked my car. Flying up the street with the lights out, right into a parked car. Cat in the parked car must have been fucking the broad; they were down out of sight. Frank flicked on the headlights just a second before hitting the car. The light enabled us to see the cat and the broad when they jumped up because of the crash. Frank paid for the damage to the other cat's car, but my car just sat there until the cops came and towed it away. I kept expecting to hear from the police, but never a word. Weird, some of the changes I used to go through.

My youth, the foundation years of my life.
Rose Hill Chinga
Neighborhood of fantastic people
People of my life
People who own my heart
People of Rose Hill
You I remember and love.
Those of you who shared mutual
Hate with me
I forgive you
I beg you to forgive me
We need each other;
We are all that we have
You live on in my memory
I've carried you with me all these years
I've carried you in love
To understand your lives
Back when our neighborhood was a prize-winning hamlet
Back when we wore the name Rose Hill with pride
Part of Los Angeles but whole unto ourselves.
When Peter Chavez was killed in war we all mourned
We all came to see his casket

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Burn Blood Brother (*From the collection of Dr. & Mrs. Jack Blumenthal*)

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To make the wake with his family.
Peter was of us
Peter was Rose Hill
Rose Hill Chinga.
When that car plunged over the hill
Going round the bend behind Burt's store
And crashed down on Mercury Avenue
The crash belonged to all of us
It burned into our souls equally.
When Lupe's father was found dead
A part of Rose Hill was found dead
A part of Rose Hill talked about itself.
Rose Hill Chinga
With shanty pads squatting on mud hills
People of this earth trudging up muddy paths
To their houses
Slipping and sliding in the mud
Walking on the grass to keep from falling, to keep one's footing
Sweet smells of the earth when the grass was green
No smog in Rose Hill
Far from the industrial heart of Los Angeles
A forgotten hamlet
A peaceful spot
Site of home
A jealous love of our sacred ground
We were bound to each other.
With what pride we owned the land
We knew Rose Hill as our own
We'd bow down on hands and knees to kiss our dirt
The birds in the sky were ours
The Housing Project was ours
The garbage collectors once each week were ours
The milk man making his rounds in the morning mist of dew was ours
The mail man delivering the mail was ours
The Good Humor Ice Cream man with his musical wagon was ours
The Helms Bakery Man with his musical wagon was ours
The bus that ran down Mercury Avenue was ours
The planes flying overhead were ours
The Catholic Church on Mercury Avenue was ours
The Protestant Church on Boundary Avenue was ours
The Negro Church on Junipero Street was ours
The corn the old men sowed in the hills was ours
The walnuts growing wild in the hills were ours
The peaches growing wild in the hills were ours
The apricot trees in our yards were ours
The fires that burned the dried grass each year were ours
The beauty of our women was ours
The strength of our men was ours
The squeals, laughter and tears of the children were ours
We had a sense of ourselves.
We said Rose Hill and we meant all things in it.

SAVAGE! MEAN MONGREL DOG of my nightmares, tiger-colored hound of no understanding. You had a friend in me, you idiot, but you preferred me as an enemy. Tore my pants one day. Chased me every chance you got, barking and showing your murderous teeth. Why did you allow John, Bobby and even square-headed Lloyd to come around? Why did you focus your attack on me? Did you sense some evil force in me that was absent in the others? Mary and Joan—the only bitches in the whole neighborhood who were putting out ass to us and you had to be their dog! You foul mutt of a fuck! Savage. You well deserved your name, chewing tin cans, rags and sticks of wood, car tires and old shoes. Did you resent the fact that I hung the name on you which stuck? Your name was Brownie, but you abused it with your scurvy sneak attacks, so I thought it was only fitting that you wear the name of your actions: Savage! Did you think you were a goat? You brought your death upon yourself. Your blood is not on my hands. I had no choice that night but to do you in, to sneak up on you as you so often had snuck up on others, and put a .22 slug in your crazy head. Did you see it coming, Savage, that night in the dark, from ambush, with your mad red eyes? You saw everything else. I anticipated that, true to your greed, as soon as you got wind of me, you'd come running, teeth bared, lips curled, head lowered. Splat! Boy, did you look surprised!

Fay, with Rickey on her lap, waited for me in the canary-yellow Dodge convertible with the black top. I entered the drug-store and copped five tubes of Wyamine. We downed a tube each and washed it down with black coffee at a Stan's Drive-In. Then we began our tour of the white man's wealthy city.

Lulu Jean and Maude danced naked for us. Mrs. Warren saw. One day from my yard I saw Mrs. Warren pee standing up like a man in her backyard.

Once I got Lulu Jean by a telephone pole at dusk. Caught her coming from the store with a loaf of bread. I had to hurry, she said, 'cause they were holding up dinner for the bread. I slipped it in her standing up. We both wiggled up on a good feeling.

Carolyn—felt her up in the swimming pool in El Sarreno. Little bitch thought she was hot shit. Did you think sticking my finger up your pussy was more dignified than my dick inside you would have been?

Polito's mother, sitting watching TV with her legs gaping open. She was my TV that night.

HENRY JOHNSON WAS LAUGHABLY STINGY. His wife, Dorothy, never said anything—only had babies. Tee Tee was a punk. Henry's children hustled bottles and took the money home to him. It was strictly business with him. We swiped a box of bananas from Fontana's Market. Anne turned a trick with Don Trinni one Sunday. Mother saw her come out and hide the money under a bush and told me and Benny. Me and Benny got the money and told mother there was nothing there, then took Anne up on the hill and did it to her. Then we took her to the show with her money, treated her to popcorn, candy and a soda pop.

The Vegetable Man. How he made a profit I don't know. We'd steal him blind. Here he comes with his truck. We'd run along behind and just take what we wanted. When he stopped for the housewives, we'd work one side while he was on the other. Watermelons, buckets of plums, apples, oranges, bunches of carrots—everything went. Once Mitch even picked his pocket with those bold fingers of his, just as there was a time when Mitch discovered a little hole in the counter at the hot dog stand at the Lincoln Park Speedway; through that hole we got dollars by the dozen. Then the Vegetable Man got a bus; instead of seats inside, he had racks of vegetables. Same

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story. In through the front door and out the back, pockets full.

Mary Goat needs a volume to herself. The only thing white left in those hills. Old as the hills themselves. Old and gnarled, she walked bent over with a stick. Had a herd of dogs, flocks of pigeons, cats, goats, rabbits—all living in the house with her. She was rich. We bought our house from her. There she comes. Everybody get out of her way! She'd crack your skull with that stick! From a safe distance, we'd taunt her with, "Mary Goat!"

I entered the Thrifty Drug Store on Daly Avenue, off Broadway near Five Points, and bought five tubes of Wyamine. Behind the nun's apartment house, across the street from the Catholic Church, I parked the Dodge one night—backed it in quietly and took care of business in the back seat with Jo Ann. Picked up Thelma at the bus stop and dropped her at the dentist's. Almost every day I picked the girls up at Lincoln High and drove them home. Narcotic agents stopped me once, Chester and me, in the Dodge. We were wasted on bennies and pot. "You made that U-turn like you owned the street," one said. "Are you guys high? "No," I said. Although I didn't even have a driver's license, they told us to beat it, to be careful. We left in a hurry, amazed. I'd drive Nina to Enchandia Girls' School every morning; Irene to Lincoln. These were two of the choicest bitches ever created, and they guarded their Catholic cherries as though waiting for the Holy Ghost to rape them. Saving it, they said, for their husbands, some day. Crazy religious bitches, made my life miserable. I used to sit there trying to con them out of their box, rod hard as Chinese arithmetic, hard and throbbing, swollen big as a baseball bat between my legs. Agony. But they were unmoved. Amazing bitches. And I could tell that their pants were on fire too—only I was a fool, an idiot. I didn't know the game of peek-a-boo then, so I missed a lot of choice pussy. Sabu got Nina's cherry. Alley got Irene's.

We had a regular circuit, a territory we'd patrol. Frank had a natural genius for sniffing out choice broads whose parents kept them hidden away from the evils of the world—from horny cats like us. We'd drive down weird streets, spot the girls peeping out at us from behind huge bushes in their yards, through knot-holes in tall fences, behind curtains drawn over dark windows. We'd wink at them, smile, waving at them, gesturing at them to be bold and defiant, to come on out. We'd stick out our tongues to let them know that we saw them as something good to eat. Sometimes they'd come running out. Sometimes they'd give us the nasty finger. Sometimes they'd turn their heads in distaste, disgust, contempt—obedient to Catholic virtues. Sometimes they'd tell us to come back after dark, and sometimes we'd have to beat it in a hurry, pursued by irate fathers, husbands, brothers, uncles, cousins, etc.

All the way to Tijuana, for those hundreds of miles from L.A., I was preoccupied with the dream of fucking a big Mexican whore. The miles blew by like wind, a steady flow of air through the wind visor of Frank's Chevy. Me, Frank, Cutie, Oldie. We dropped bennies and blew joints all the way. We didn't even see San Diego when we shot through it, down interminable strips of highway. My rod stayed hard all the way. We'd say of ourselves that we were young, dumb and full of come, but only me and Oldie were young. Frank and Cutie were old and married, already made cynical by hatred of their wives. When we walked into the whorehouse, eight whores jumped up and rushed for me. My ego hit the ceiling. They argued over me in Spanish. I chose the one I thought offered the most convincing hints of erotic trips to come. She rushed me to a room. Three dollars for the room, seven for her. I thought her a cynical bitch. I couldn't understand why she wasn't madly in love with me by then, as hard as I was piling her. To shut her up, I gave her seven more dollars. Before I finally busted my nuts I had to shut her up two more times, seven dollars each time.

Frank and Oldie fucked. Cutie refused to touch a whore, stating weirdly that he didn't goof off like that on his wife. On the drive back, they laughed at me and said I was the biggest trick in the universe. I was bragging about how all the bitches rushed for me when we walked into the whorehouse. Frank laughed so hard he nearly wrecked the car, at 70 miles an hour. "You fucking fool!" he laughed. "Can't you see? Those whores know that you *mayates* are crazy for white skin! When you walked through that door, they didn't see you at all. They saw dollar signs all dressed up in rust-colored suede shoes, a rust beret, and a green slack suit!" I was despondent and bitter for weeks.

Alice struck me as being mature, trustworthy and stable. So I asked her to keep my money for me. At first, I used to hide my money in the bushes, but I'd go crazy worrying about $1000 out there in an old tin can or an old crumpled paper bag under a rock. So I asked Alice to keep it for me. $865. I was less worried. Alice smiled at me every day. I no longer woried about the narks catching me with all that money in my pocket, which I couldn't explain. Then one evening, Alice, walking with her son, got hit by a car. I went to General Hospital to see her. She was in traction, her leg broken, ribs busted, stitches in her skull, teeth knocked out. "Your money is in my closet, inside a Kotex box on the shelf." When I got there, the closet door was wide open and the Kotex box gone. I tore the whole closet up: nothing. $865! Francis was my number one suspect, then Alice's brother, Roger. His wife, Genevieve, starting making out with me, giving me the come on. A perfect crime; whoever did it got away clean. $865! I suspected everybody—except Alice. Months later, she got out of the hospital, but I stopped going around her pad. Couldn't stand the mystery. Months after that I came around. I was surprised to see all her new furniture. Redwood tables built on a Japanese kick. Overstuffed couch with matching chairs. Floor lamp that could be adjusted to three pitches of brightness. Twins. TV. That was Frank's money; I had to make it all up. Ran me in the red. Took me six months to balance the books.

Richard and Rudy used to taunt me: "At least I got a mother!" My most beautiful cap could be crumbled by that one all-purpose retort; that was the ace up their sleeve. Then one day their mother, Ruthie, ran off with Kinkie, the junk man. Richard and Rudy wore long faces then. I got my revenge for several years of torture.

The Savages. Someone put out that they were Communists. We gave them no peace: firecrackers through the mail slot in their front door, piss in their milk bottles, stolen milk, overturned garbage cans, rocks through windows, lights turned out at the central switch box, clothes stolen from their clothes line, insults hurled, air let out of their car tires at night to surprise them of a cold morning when they arose late for work.

There was something rigid in me, an inarticulate opposition, a dissent, that turned me away from the counsel of Dr. Smith.

Mona Phelps. Monica Laura. Rose Holquin. The Beach. The crabs. Van Pelt. Embarrassed mother. No father.

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Bureaucrat

An Open Letter to Barry Goldwater

IT PROBABLY ISN'T THE HIGHEST or hottest item on your agenda, but every now and then you might think about why we are now on opposite sides of the fence—or why the fence is growing more like a barricade every day. My side is what is loosely called the New Left, a position to which you will undoubtedly refer a thousand times in a thousand speeches but about which, if the present is an indication, you will know less and less the more often you mention it.

The thing that first attracted me to the New Left was the familiar ring of what was being said there. Decentralization. The return to the people of real political power—of all power. There was also something very attractive in the New Left's analysis of the American corporate system and its use of political power to preserve and enlarge itself. The way the largest corporations had so strenuously opposed you and supported Johnson, for instance, certainly made it seem fruitful to ask why. Could it have been that you might not have played ball quite so well as he?

There was, of course, a seemingly dissonant sound in the New Left's attitude toward American adventures abroad. You had championed, and I had fully seconded, the notion that, morally, American arms could and should be used anywhere to fend off incursions by THEM. The crucial question which I permitted, even forced, myself to ask—and which you must never face if you are to hold onto your position in regard to THEM—was simply "Who are THEY?" And, lo and behold, THEY turned out to be a lot of US.

Let's face it, we were trying to have it both ways. On the one hand we spoke of freedom and of liberty; on the other, of arming, adventuring, seeking and grasping. We spoke of a world that could not be half slave and half free, but we worked for a world that would be all American. We spoke of the evils of federal power but clucked approval at the same evils on a local scale. We spoke of letting the blacks in on our shuck, but when it came to liberation, we spoke of law and order.

Contradictions like these inevitably tear apart any structure—even a friendship, even a world—once you see them. Because you are, so far as my experience has permitted me to judge, the most essentially honest and potentially radical major American political figure, I am still betting that they could tear apart your position and that some day you will find yourself on this side of the barricades. As a matter of fact, the last time we met you were edging in this direction anyway. You described it yourself one day during your successful 1968 campaign for reelection to the Senate. We were in your living room, just shooting the shit. "When the histories are written,"

by Karl Hess

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you said, "I'll bet that the old right and the New Left are put down as having a lot in common and that the people in the middle will be the enemy." That's right. They do and they are.

That same week, as I recall, you spoke at the University of Arizona where you said that you had "much in common with the anarchist wing of SDS." Anarchist! SDS! Remember? You said those words and you were not struck by lightning. And the point is that you have, or at least had, a lot in common with most of SDS. Now it's probably their turn to snort in disbelief and even derision, and I do admit that I have passed over lightly such details as imperialism, but at least both of you—you then, SDS now—have sought to grasp certain political problems radically, by the roots.

Even before you made your speech about some commonality of interest with SDS, former SDS president Carl Oglesby knew that there was at least an historic echoing from the right of positions which have come to be regarded as New Leftist. Senator Taft, for instance, led the fight against NATO, making many of the same points that SDS makes on a broader scale about imperialism. I know that you departed long ago from a foreign policy position even roughly akin to Senator Taft's, but perhaps knowing that the New Left's position did not spring full-blown from the brow of Chairman Mao might at least let you examine, or re-examine, America's role as the world's policeman and protector of markets.

Why even bother with the suggestion? The answer is probably more romantic than reasonable. Common sense tells me that the rhetoric has ended and the revolution has begun. But nostalgia keeps suggesting that maybe we could speak for a minute and even agree that it would be far better, and so very much more decent, to give up power rather than having to go through, once again, the agony of having it taken away. I know you at least sensed this once as you contemplated the many changes you felt were inevitable and not very far off.

You caused virtual apoplexy among conservatives when you spoke, as you did in 1964, of the inevitability of world government, which you saw as developing through the political enlargement of such military arrangements as NATO. Your perception of change was right on. Your notion of how it would be accomplished, if you think about it (which I must admit too few of us did during the hectic days of the campaign), was a flat contradiction of your other principles—those regarding the return of political power to individuals. For a man as suspicious of central government as you were, the idea of accepting even the possibility of one huge, overall, overpowering government was 180 degrees off. Clarence Streit and other liberals thought it a silver lining in your otherwise cloudy aspect, of course. And there again you were quite correct in your perception: liberals are fatheads. The only thing worse than a big government is a bigger one!

It was the New Left that most sharply outlined the direction which *was* consistent with your root principles—decentralization. SDS's early movement into neighborhood organizing was a manifestation of this. The current and, I think, monumentally significant work on neighborhood government by Milton Kotler—a colleague of mine at the Institute for Policy Studies—is more emphatically libertarian in nature than any single statement, action, stance or proposal of the entire Republican Party, with the Democrats thrown in to boot. And the present movement of SDS out into the neighborhoods, fields and factories, as well as into the schools, is deeply involved with putting power back where you, most emphatically of all working politicians, always said it belonged: in the hands of the people—not the people of some sociological abstraction, but the people in one-by-one, community-by-community reality.

In the long liberation of the blacks in this slave-haunted land, you also perceived a transfer of power as sharply as anyone—back then. You spoke of blacks having to have real political power before they could be free, and you risked and got a political mudbath by emphasizing that power far and beyond the then currently chic bullshit about bigger and better welfare checks, bigger and better federal fetters for a people already bloody from white, liberal legislation.

Today there are blacks who are putting into practice what you spoke about. They are struggling for real political power and they will get it even if they have to take it in combat. The Black Panthers are in the vanguard of that struggle. Nineteen have died in it so far. They are in black reality the echo of a white past which you supposedly respect and even revere—the first American Revolution.

Senator, if you had been born black, and poor, you would now be a Panther or I seriously misjudge the strength of your character and convictions.

The Panthers are dying for the sort of liberty that you used to talk about. Dying, boss, not talking. Can't you hear a brother's voice even when it's his last gasp? Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice and moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue, and where in the name of Jefferson, Adams, and that grandfather of yours who said fuck foreign kings and wars and came to the U. S., where in all their names is there a more extreme grasp for liberty and justice than in this black colony now breaking away? Here are people who desperately needed some fellow extremist somewhere up there in hazy Washington to talk to, and all they heard was law and order, law and order, the clanking of cell doors, the thud of clubs and the crack of small arms fire.

There won't be a chance to talk now because wars are much too loud. But while there was a chance, where were you? Where were we all—all of us who made our living talking about liberty, and then didn't recognize it when it started flowering at our feet, because the petals were black and red and not red-white-and-blue.

I guess it would have been political suicide to talk to a Panther when you wanted to get back into the Senate. But you faced that once before and didn't even flinch. Remember?

In 1964, it seemed as if there were a real possibility of racial trouble resulting from your campaign. I happen to think you are as color-blind as any man in American politics, but the image of your most red-necked followers blurred it all, and the race issue was a rising concern. To make matters worse, some of your most respected political advisors (real professionals) had talked long and loosely enough about the beneficial effects of racial disturbances on your candidacy to ring alarms for anyone. They claimed that one good race riot would put you in office. They knew, long before Spiro Agnew and probably as soon as George Wallace, that millions of white Americans were just bone scared of the black liberation movement and that it would take very little violence to shake out any government and put in any man with a tough reputation—and that's just the kind you had.

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I am convinced that, had it not been for one crucial action by you, efforts to incite racial trouble would have been inevitable. But you took the action, risking your entire candidacy as you did it. You called in some key reporters for an off-the-record briefing and made a single point: you said that if any racial trouble resulted from your candidacy, you would drop out of the race even if it were the day before the election. It was a flat unqualified pledge and I know you meant it. It not only stopped any insane incendiarism among your supporters, but it also put you on the line for killing your candidacy if there was trouble—whatever the cause.

You see, it's things like that—the sort of gut courage and conviction that corporate liberals and the country club conservatives who so admire you couldn't even imagine—that makes me miss you here on *this* side of the barricades.

But this side, you probably feel, is not anti-communist and you have spent an entire lifetime fighting Communism. Well, so had I. And because it was so easy just to fight, I had stopped thinking about what the hell it was we were fighting about in the first place. I would judge, by all I can read, that anti-communists today are operating almost exclusively from information, images and mind-sets formed in the Thirties and Forties.

Fresh from the horror of purge trials, the slaughter in the Ukraine, the rise of Stalinism, it was easy to be anti-communist then. It was so easy, in fact, that it distorted the entire direction of the right in America. Its direction had been very individualistic, isolationist, decentralist—even anarchistic—and certainly radical compared to the corporate statism that had been rising ever since Herbert Hoover refined the process of federal rationalization of the economy.

Anti-communism twisted the direction of the right, which I feel, if left undisturbed, would today be near the New Left on most major issues. Unexamined anti-communism made possible these cop-outs: that the proper role of government could be the enhancement of industrial growth and corporate profit as a part of building a strong nation to beat back the Red peril; that "citizenship training" had to be intensified, education redirected, and certain liberties foresworn in order to—dig it—preserve liberty.

I will bet you an autographed picture of Jerry Rubin against a Readers Digest flag decal that not one of your friends who are so oburately anti-communist today can honestly fill you in on the essential differences between communism in North Korea, Viet-Nam, and Cuba—and Russia. Between China and Poland, between Rumania and Hungary and so forth. And I would double the whole bet that they wouldn't even know where to look to find out what the Panthers, SDS, and the New Left in general have to say about Soviet Communism, about "small c" communism, about Marcuse, about anything.

Senator, the world has changed. The Provisional Revolutionary Government in South Viet-Nam (that's *our* bunch, not *yours*) has issued a political platform which evidences much of the concern for individual liberty, freedom of trade and ownership of actually private property that Republicans used to rhapsodize about before they won political power. Have you read it? Or if you have read it but not believed it, have you actually tested your doubts?

I suppose that even mentioning Viet-Nam would cause you to stop reading this—if you've even begun. I know how deeply you feel about it, because once I did also and in just the same way. I'll just sketch what happened and suggest that if you ever care to follow the same path, who knows, we might yet bump into each other again.

We thought that Viet-Nam was another case of "international" communism trying to bend the free world's borderlines. Diem was resisting THEM—a story that was easy to buy and impossible to prove. But in truth, the NLF was local, and was bent on pursuing justice for the South Vietnamese who were being stripped of land and political power by Diemist politicians. From there on, the errors were compounded.

You once said that it wasn't worth a single American life just to "save face" in Viet-Nam. But how many lives is it costing today to do just that? Today the face is Richard Nixon's. Yesterday it was Lyndon Johnson's. At least you took a crack or two at Lyndon. Is your friend Dick really any different? Or have you changed your mind about that fatal ratio between face and lives?

IT OCCURS TO ME, SENATOR, that there is a document written by a fellow named Goldwater, an ex-Air Force general, that bears on this issue. It was a position paper you prepared for an Air Force project, as I recall. It discussed convergence between the communist and non-communist nations, but you didn't see convergence as simply a matter of the two blocs coming together. You felt that perhaps as the communist bloc broke up and the demands of the people were felt, free institutions would develop strongly there, but that at the same time they might crumble in the other bloc. There could be a time, you felt, when Eastern Europe would be moving into freedom while America was sinking into tyranny.

Isn't there something familiar going on today? Aren't there in fact more differences between the communist parties of Eastern Europe than between, say, the Democrats and Republicans in this country? Aren't we showing a tendency to side with the Soviets against dissident communist regimes—China being a foremost example? Isn't there a revival among your very colleagues in the Senate and House of the security-law syndrome that did so little but hurt so much during the Fifties? Wasn't there something more than just signpost sloganeering in the description of the Chicago police riot as Prague West? Isn't Czechoslovakia just Russia's Viet-Nam—not as brutal or bloody but just as politically obscene?

If you ever got a chance to read the New Left's literature you might feel a jolt of recognition, page after page, as you found an analysis of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. detente that makes many of the points you once made. I can imagine that the word "left" would turn you off; yet, in an historical sense, you were a prominent leftist when you attacked established power, as you used to attack it. You even wrote several times of your position as being classically liberal—classically, that is, leftist. Is it socialism that still haunts the phrase for you? It shouldn't. You are now supporting an administration which is practicing the sort of industrial-military socialism that Bismarck developed. Is the socialism of, for instance, neighborhood control of the community's resources really more frightening than that?

Which reminds me of Ocean Hill-Brownsville, or People's Park. Senator, they were *doing* just what you used to *talk* about. You should have been there. Your old ideas were.

You used to make the liberals froth when you spoke against federal influence in the schools. Federal money, you used to say, inevitably leads to federal pupils, and the liberals turned

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pale, threw up their dickies, and said you were a heartless monster. Well, they treated McCoy the same way at Ocean Hill when he said that his folks should run their own school and not your folks.

And your old buddy Ronald Reagan! Now there's a lesson in liberty for you. On one side of the People's Park there is the State of California with its right of eminent domain. It took the land. I would say it stole the land. How, I wonder, do you describe the right of eminent domain? On the other side are people who have an exotic notion about ownership. They don't think it should be exercised at the point of a gun or a bayonet. They worked that land. They homesteaded it. They owned it in a sense far deeper than any government proclamation. Think of it that way: a scrap of government paper on the one side; real people on the other, and your old friend Ronald Reagan, so help us, now supporting that scrap of paper against the people, with as much bloodcurdling diligence as any man you ever fought in the political arena. Senator, are you really sure you want to be a deputy sheriff for state power? That's just what you are on the other side of the fence at the People's Park!

Student dissent generally? Why did you have to come down so solidly on the side of the police? Don't you remember that they are the employees of the state, not the people? Why couldn't we have heard your rebel voice, instead of your company manners, when push came to shove at Berkeley and Columbia? Wasn't that a time to re-examine the entire structure of the system? Was there any more appropriate man to do it, after the years you had spent talking about the dangers of a schooling that might force people to conform rather than encourage them to think? Why couldn't you, of all men, see what was on the other side of those broken windows on the campus?

We had a discussion once about the campus scene, and it seemed clear to me that you would be in a far different position as a student than you are as a senator. Not long ago, you reminded me, marijuana was as common a smoke as burley in the Southwest. Nobody thought much about it, you said. I don't really know what you thought about it then, but I can't imagine anyone else in the Senate with your sort of good, bullheaded devotion to politically inadvisable principles, who could better take the lead in stopping the insane rampage against young people going on across the country in connection with a drug which, you freely admit, was as common as and much less troublesome than whiskey back where you came from.

The draft is another raid on young people that you did take the lead on—once. It was your very first presidential campaign pledge. You didn't bullshit about it. You said that as president you would end the draft. Period. Just end it. You didn't fuzz it up with "after the emergency" or after we study it, like your chum Dick. You may recall that the draft was the subject of our very last conversation. In preparation for your return to the Senate, I had worked up material for a flat-out repeal of the draft which, I felt, could appropriately be your first order of business when you were in the Senate and, hopefully, raising hell instead of brownie points.

I don't cry about politics anymore, but if I did, I surely would have when you replied that in regard to anti-draft legislation you thought you should wait and see what Dick Nixon was going to do! You know what Dick Nixon always does! He shillies for a while. Then he shallies. Then he very carefully sets out in every direction at once, arriving exactly nowhere some time later, but promising that tomorrow he'll begin again.

BUT, SINCE YOU'VE RETURNED to the Senate, it seems as if you are forever checking with someone else to see if the coast is clear. You used to tell a joke about the little old lady you met in a hotel lobby who asked if you didn't used to be Senator Goldwater. It's getting less funny as time goes on. Something is happening out in the world, out on the streets. Much of it involves things that you have said and thought throughout your life; much of it involves things with which you profoundly disagree but which you should at least subject to a new dialogue. All of it involves a basic crisis, the sort of broken faith in state power that you have urged, the sharp awareness of the meaning of political power as the power of people against the power of overriding institutions. On the other hand (I mean the other side, your side now), there is ossification, resistance to radical change, support of vested power, liberal reformism, rule and repression by fiat and that most abhorrent of all organically collectivist notions—that the state really can and should claim the loyalty, blood and lives of all born to its borders and its bias.

Maybe that's where you want to be after all. If I had only read about you, over the years, I would come to that conclusion and let the matter drop as being of little real importance. But instead, I have worked with you over the years. I think that even with the absolute disagreement I now have with you in regard to American imperialism, corporate-state capitalism, and anti-communism, there is such a crucial point of mutual interest on the New Left in regard to political power (it properly exists only in the people and in their communities) that you should be here and not over there. Because that's where it's at today, Senator. Here or there. The left of the individual people of this entire earth, taking back the power that the politicians and the exploiters stole from them, or the right of reaction, of established authority, of vested interests, of police, politics, and power.

There was a time when you used to drive the professional pols stark, staring mad because whenever you discovered that you had made a mistake on a position, you would just come right out and say, "Folks, I was wrong. Now here's how it is."

Well, again, take a long, hard look at the contradictions between liberty at home, imperialism abroad; anti-colonialism abroad, black colonialism at home; free markets in the speeches, state-industrial-complex in the reality; local responsibility in the platforms, local suppression in the precinct houses; anti-communism for Castro, detente for Brezhnev; unshirted hell about welfare programs, unzippered lust for warfare programs.

I will have to admit that there is not exactly a long line queued up on the New Left waiting to hear from you. But there's a hell of a lot more room for you over here, I would think, than in a Republican Party which regards Everett Dirksen as a hero and you as a maverick, respectable now only because you seem to have been broken to the bit.

In case you want to visit my side some time, there are a lot of pamphlets and things around that you might find interesting. And ideas. And, most of all, people. Good people. Love to see you over here. But if not, that's okay. We'll be up your way sooner or later anyway. See you. Right on.

Karl Hess is a former editor of Newsweek. He was the principal author of the 1960 Republican platform, a co-author of the 1964 platform, and Goldwater's chief speech writer.

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Sinews of Empire

by David Horowitz

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FOLLOWING THE STUDENT SEIZURE of Harvard's University Hall last spring, Time Magazine reported that Harvard Dean Franklin L. Ford "emphasized that continued rifling of University files could have compromised virtually the entire faculty." This mind-boggling admission (offered in defense of the swift unleashing of police) is but one measure of how far academia has fallen from the ideal of open, critical, independent scholarship.

The universities were once thought to constitute a vital, independent, countervailing estate, but the modern university has been converted into an Office of External Research for the State Department, the Pentagon and the international corporations. The postwar takeover of the university was accomplished with less finesse and reserve than a corporate conglomerate customarily shows a newly acquired subsidiary, and it is symbolic that the new management team that was to reorganize the university from "within" was drawn largely from the unlikely and forbidding ranks of the crack American World War II intelligence arm, the OSS (Office of Stragetic Services).

The university is proverbially the most conservative of institutions—tradition-bound, unable to respond and adapt to changing times. But under the postwar tutelage of its powerful outside mentors, entirely new academic fields of social and political science have been created, which cut effortlessly across traditional academic lines and prerogatives that have so hampered innovations in, for example, black studies. These new international policy disciplines and "area studies" (e.g., Asian Studies) were provided with an avalanche of facilities—buildings, libraries, computer technology. Staffs and faculties were assembled, granted unprecedented autonomy and exalted in one jump to a kind of penthouse status in the academic hierarchy. They were provided freedom and leverage by abundant outside financing. With all of this backing, they quickly became the most powerful influence on the old horse-and-buggy departments, whose disciplines and concepts of scholarship began to follow the winning model set before them.

Thus the experts in international affairs, the new Adams of academe, were created. They were housed in the new language and area studies institutes and centers which multiplied from a handful before the war to 191 by 1968. Their power within the universities has grown apace. At Berkeley, for instance, a political science professor estimates that one-third of his department's faculty depend on institutes for part of their income.

The academic Genesis of the new professionalism is significant not only for what it reveals about the university, but for what it shows about the institutional Creators. The details of this history provide a unique insight into the operations of these institutions of power and their personnel, interests and requirements. For here they were knitting the sinews of empire—the research, the civil servants, the technicians, the ideology, the whole fabric which binds together the imperial whole and reveals the structure of empire itself.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR, AND IN ITS aftermath the collapse of the French, Dutch, German and Japanese empires, opened the way for a new global American imperium which required a vast new "service" and policy-oriented intellectual infrastructure—the kind for which England was famous, but which America lacked. Organizations like the foundation-financed Council on Foreign Relations, a key ruling class policy organization which had come into prominence during the war [see RAMPARTS, April 1968], served as the long-range planning bodies for foreign policy. What was needed now was a reservoir of information and talent at the intermediate levels: the technicians and middle management of empire.

During the war itself, intellectuals could be mobilized directly into government. Academia naturally put itself at the service of Washington, most dramatically in the Manhattan Project, but in some ways more significantly through the OSS, the seed of the fantastic postwar symbiosis which developed between the military, the state, international business and the university. After the war the same academic energies were mobilized indirectly, based in the university yet acting as a junior partner in U.S. foreign policy. The academic vehicle for all this was the new discipline of International Studies. It was a bit like moving offices.

This transition from extraordinary war mobilization to permanent academic function was engineered not by the military or the scholars, however, but by the foundations, as is made clear in a U.S. Office of Education report on Language and Area Centers (the subdivisions of International Studies). After reviewing the immense sums spent on establishing the programs by the Rockefeller, Carnegie and other Foundations ($34 million between 1945 and 1948 alone), the report declares: "It must be noted that the significance of the money granted is out of all proportion to the amounts involved since *most universities would have no center program had they not been subsidized. Our individual inventories indicate clearly the lack of enthusiasm as well as of cash on the part of most college administrations for such programs.*" (Emphasis added.)

The significance of foundation grants today, 25 years after the launching of the first programs, is as great as ever. In 11 of the 12 top universities with institutes of international studies, a single foundation, Ford, is the principal source of funds. Affiliated with the institutes at Columbia, Chicago, Berkeley, UCLA, Cornell, Harvard, Indiana, MIT, Michigan State, Stanford and Wisconsin are 95 individual centers. Ford is a sole or major source of funds for 83 of these, Carnegie for five, AID for two, the Government of Liberia for one, and assorted government contracts, foundations and endowments for four.

To be sure, there were always scholars willing to play a role in the development of the international studies programs. And there was no compulsion—a professor is always free to undertake any project that somebody is willing to pay for. There are excellent scholars of all stripes and persuasions, capable of forming all kinds of programs. Only some get to do so. And it certainly helps if the big foundations happen to share your interests—or you theirs. In the control of scholarship by wealth, it is neither necessary nor desirable that professors hold a certain orientation because they receive a grant. The important thing is that they receive the grant because they hold the orientation. (Exceptions in the case of isolated radical individuals, of course, do nothing to counter the momentum and direction imparted by vast funding programs to a whole profession or discipline.)

Viewed in the abstract, the academic objections which were raised against the "area studies" concept (i.e. the integration of several disciplines to illuminate a particular geographical area)

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would seem insuperable (at least as insuperable as the objections to autonomous black studies programs, and in many ways parallel). The area program would override the academic departments. It would, it was maintained, produce not scholars, but dilettantes. Who would be qualified to run such programs, to set and maintain standards? Area research would become the refuge of the incapable and incompetent.

Beyond that were the hard political objections. Perpetual competition for students, courses, influence and money already existed within the university. A new overlapping department would be a formidable competitor and would therefore naturally be resisted by the existing departments. All these arguments and forces did come into play when the international studies programs were first being sponsored by the foundations, but all of them amounted to the merest whiffle of wind. In effect, academia's most sacred sanctuaries were invaded, its most honored shibboleths forsworn, its most rigid bureaucratic rules and "professional" standards circumvented and contravened without a finger of opposition being lifted. All it took was money, prestige, access to strategic personnel and collusion with those in the highest reaches of the academic administrations. As for the professors, they went along like sheep.

NEWTON THOUGHT THAT THE PLANETS were originally thrown into their orbits by the arm of God, but continued in them perpetually due to inertia. Such also is the principle of foundation intercession in the affairs of men. In the development of any complex and dispersed social institution, the initiating stages, the prototypes, are the key to the future evolution of the whole. The initiators naturally become the experts in the field. They are called upon to advise in the setting up of the offspring organizations, and they are the teachers and superiors of the personnel who staff them. This logic of innovation is particularly marked in academic institutions, which, like guilds, are structured as self-perpetuating hierarchies of experience. Most academics are oriented toward their own increasingly mobile careers rather than toward the local institution, whose direction they tend to accept as a given, beyond their power or understanding.

The first major international studies center was Columbia's School of International Affairs, set up in 1946 as an outgrowth of Columbia's wartime Naval School of Military Government and Administration. The head of the Naval School, Professor Schuyler Wallace (later an executive of the Ford Foundation), also became the first director of the School of International Affairs and remained in that post until 1960. According to the official history of the offspring school, the Naval School "provided a broad basis of experience for the formation of the School of International Affairs." The history also states: "Of paramount importance [in the new School] was the task of training students for technical and managerial posts in those agencies of the government which maintained a foreign service. . . ."

In 1960, the School issued a pamphlet entitled *Employment Opportunities for Students Trained in International Affairs.* The first such opportunity described was the Central Intelligence Agency, the second the State Department, the third AID, the fourth the U.S. Information Agency, the fifth the National Security Agency, and then corporations such as the Bank of America, the Chase Manhattan Bank, the First National City Bank, Mobil Oil, Standard Oil of New Jersey and so forth. Finally, the U.N. and other civic, cultural and international agencies were mentioned. It was no surprise, then, when in 1968 the director of the School, Andrew Cordier (a consultant to the State Department and Ford Foundation), revealed that 40 per cent of the School's graduates go directly into government service and 20-30 per cent into "international banking and business."

Since its inception, the real substance of the School has been in its new affiliated area institutes, the first of which was the Russian Institute. Discussions about the Institute had been initiated by Geroid T. Robinson, the head of the OSS Research and Analysis Branch, USSR Division, who was to become the Russian Institute's first director. In 1945 the Rockefeller Foundation made a five-year starter grant of $1,250,000. Joseph Willits, the Rockefeller Foundation's director of Social Sciences who disbursed the funds was, like Geroid Robinson and Schuyler Wallace, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), as were of course David, Nelson and John D. Rockefeller themselves.

With financing assured, the Institute's staff was appointed. Most important was Philip E. Mosely, who succeeded Robinson as director in 1951. Also a member of the CFR (he later became its director of studies), Mosely was a former State Department officer. Of the entire five-man steering staff of the Russian Institute, only Geroid Robinson had had any prior connection with Columbia University, but four had been associated with the OSS or the State Department, three were in the CFR, and three were members of the upper-class Century club (as were Schuyler Wallace and Allen Dulles, the OSS veteran who went on to head the CIA). Such are the basic credentials of the new academic discipline.

The foundations not only provided funds for the staff salaries, libraries and physical facilities of these centers and institutes, but financed the students and trainees as well. Thus in 1947 the Rockefeller Foundation chipped in $75,000 worth of postgraduate fellowships for the Russian Institute. This was followed by $100,000 from the Carnegie Corporation for less advanced students. From 1947 through 1953, 140 Carnegie grants were made to 116 students of the Institute who were also eligible for regular Columbia grants. To financial privilege was added bureaucratic forbearance: the PhD requirement (which, thanks to the old Carnegie Foundation, acted as a vise on the creativity and freedom of every academician) was waived for Senior Fellows at the Russian Institute, and an opening made for "mature men of unusual ability," such as former members of government agencies and political emigré figures.

Prime importance was given to the influential propagation of ideas—in short, publication. "It appeared to the staff urgently necessary," the official history reports, "that the most valuable of the Institute's research results be guaranteed publication in spite of soaring costs and of shrinking markets for high-priced scholarly books." How many scholars have wished likewise! But the Institute had the angels on its side, and thanks to the Rockefeller Foundation it was able to set up a "revolving publication fund" to subsidize Institute books, ensuring their publication and widespread academic distribution.

Similarly, Institute academics had easy access to such prestigious ruling class publications as the Council on Foreign Relations' influential magazine, Foreign Affairs. They had funds for their own scholarly journals which quickly became

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leaders and opinion makers in what was an open field. They had access to the leading publications of the various older disciplines, which were usually controlled by academic politicians of the Social Science Research Council (SSRC) or the other foundation-financed academic "steering committees." Thus the successive Russian Institute heads, Geroid Robinson and Philip Mosely, both served on the original World Areas Research Committee of the SSRC. Mosely was also chairman of the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies of the SSRC and the American Council of Learned Societies. Finally, they had access to the university presses, which, like the other instruments of organized influence in the university community, are controlled by the administrative foundation-oriented elite. So, for example, Schuyler Wallace was not only director of Columbia's School of International Affairs from 1946 to 1960, as well as of several of its institutes, but was also director of the Social Science Research Council (1952-1958), an associate of the Ford Foundation (1952-1960), and director of the Columbia University Press (1955-1962).

All this served to create an intellectual juggernaut of unrivaled power in its field. In 1964, the current director of the Russian Institute boasted that its 500 alumni constituted the majority of all American experts in the Soviet field. By force of its example, by the direct influence of its personnel and by the enabling support of the CFR-foundation power elite, the Institute was able to dominate the field of Russian affairs both in the academic world and in the sphere of government policy.

The Russian Institute was the most important of the many influential institutes in Columbia's School of International Affairs, but it was in all respects typical—both in genesis and direction. "Late in 1947," recounts the official history, "the creation of an East Asian Institute . . . was placed before the Rockefeller Foundation. With the aid of a grant from that body, the Institute was formally established in 1948." Like the Russian Institute, it was the first of its kind in America and was guided by former State Department and foreign service officers. In September 1949, a Carnegie grant produced the European Institute, which was initially headed by Grayson Kirk, Columbia professor, Carnegie Corporation trustee, CFR member and Mobil Oil director. When Kirk resigned the following year to take on the Columbia provostship, he was succeeded as Institute director by Schuyler Wallace. The present director is Philip Mosely. Like the Hapsburg Royalty, they like to keep the family small and intimate.

As the American empire and its problems expanded, so the School of International Affairs broadened to include centers on the Middle East, Africa, Latin America and Southeast Asia. Its funding also shifted from the Carnegie and Rockefeller pilot fish to the great Ford Whale itself. Thus by 1968, there were 15 affiliated institutes and centers, nine funded exclusively by the Ford Foundation, four by Ford and one or two other foundations, and one by Ford and the federal government. All operated beyond any regular academic authority, responsible only to the provost of the university and its president, presently the venerable Grayson Kirk.

A remarkable team spirit prevails among the administrations of the School, the foundations and the government. This was neatly illustrated in a letter liberated during the Spring 1968 Columbia student rebellion. The letter, from Columbia's Grayson Kirk to Gerald Freund of the Rockefeller Foundation, concerned a former Indonesian official whose politics were attractive to the State Department, but whom the Department presumably did not wish to discredit with direct support. Wrote Kirk on February 22, 1966: "Dean Cordier reports to me that he has discussed with you the possible financial support from the Rockefeller Foundation for a research project to be undertaken by Mr. Biar Tie Khonw, a former high official in the Indonesian government. We have been informed by knowledgeable people in the Department of State, by Mr. Slater of the Ford Foundation, and others, that Mr. Khonw is very well qualified to contribute to the restoration of economic order and stability in Indonesia in such time as it becomes politically possible. . . . The grant is to include travel expenses to the Netherlands and several trips to Washington. . . . Mr. Khonw would be attached to the faculty of international affairs as a visiting scholar." Yes. But can he teach?

As in the university system generally, the "lead system" played a central role in the creation of the international studies centers. The centers were concentrated for maximum effectiveness at a few "leading" universities from which their influence would radiate to others. Of the 191 centers listed by the State Department, more than half cluster around 12 institutions. Clearly Harvard, the Pentagon of America's academic legions, would have to be a keystone in the structure. And indeed the creation of the Russian Research Center there in 1947, and of the inclusive Center for International Affairs a decade later, reveals even more graphically than the prototypical case of Columbia the nexus of power in the field.

The initiative for Harvard's Russian Research Center came from John W. Gardner, then a recent OSS graduate, later Secretary of HEW, and now head of the Urban Coalition. But Gardner himself had been set in motion by a Wall Street lawyer named Devereux Josephs. Reputed by one whimsical but perspicacious observer to be one of the four men who run America (the other three being bankers Robert A. Lovett, John J. McCloy, and Douglas Dillon), Devereux Josephs is a Groton and Harvard alumnus, a Century club member, a director of such nerve centers of finance as the New York Life Insurance Company and Rockefeller Center, Inc., and such globally oriented industrials as the American Smelting and Refining Co.—and he was president of the Carnegie Corporation. It was presumably in this last role, as educator one might say, that Josephs found he had, in the words of Fortune Magazine, "a specific field in mind for Gardner. Josephs was convinced that American universities would have to widen the curriculum of international studies, then long on history and language but short on contemporary information."

So in the spring of 1947, Gardner and the Carnegie staff became actively concerned with the development of a Russian studies program. At first they were thinking of an inter-university organization, with Clyde Kluckhohn of Harvard (formerly of the OSS) as a possible chairman. Subsequently, they decided that it would be more practical to plant the program in a single institution. They chose Harvard.

During the early autumn of 1947, informal discussions were undertaken between Gardner and select members of the Harvard faculty. Then in October, two meetings were held between Gardner, the selected faculty members, the provost of Harvard,

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and Charles Dollard of the Carnegie Corporation. The provost then consulted with the president, and "Harvard" agreed to accept the Carnegie invitation to organize its program. In mid-October, Klukhohn was indeed asked to serve as director and the Center was underway, powered by a Carnegie Corporation munificence of $750,000 to be doled out at a rate of $150,000 per year—a five-year plan which was renewed in 1953. (Eventually this financing was taken over by the Ford Foundation.)

Despite all this largesse, the staff quickly learned new ways to make a living. In 1949, they began a project on the Soviet Social System, known more familiarly as the Refugee Interview Project, which involved intensive interviewing of Soviet refugees and was financed by the intriguingly named Human Resources Research Institute of the U.S. Air Force. In one stroke it quadrupled the Center's 1950 income, while providing a grateful Defense Department with information that it would normally expect from the CIA.

The Center itself is prevented, by Harvard decorum, from accepting contracts involving classified materials, but individual staff members are not (a nice distinction—for once very academic). In addition to frequenting lectures at the National Army, Navy, Air and Industrial War Colleges, staff members also serve as consultants to classified projects within the following agencies: the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the RAND Corporation, the Research and Development Board, the Department of State and the Central Intelligence Agency. Ivory tower indeed!

In this manner the Center studied (as the original Gardner memo defined its scope) "fields which lie peculiarly within the professional competence of social psychologists, sociologists and cultural anthropologists." These disciplines were so rewarding that within a year a new Center for International Studies was being formed as a sister project on the MIT campus, with Harvard and MIT faculty (and others) participating.

A liberated document from Harvard titled "The Nature and Objectives of the Center for International Studies" describes the initial impetus: "In the summer of 1950, MIT which has been engaged for some years in research on behalf of the U.S. military establishment was asked by the civilian wing of the government to put together a team of the best research minds available to work intensively for three or four months on how to penetrate the Iron Curtain with ideas." Out of this scholarly initiative developed a permanent Center at MIT which rapidly grew in prestige.

MIT's Advisory Board on Soviet Bloc Studies, for example, was composed of these four academic luminaries: Charles Bohlen of the State Department, Allen Dulles of the CIA, Philip E. Mosely of Columbia's Russian Institute and Leslie G. Stevens, a retired vice admiral of the U.S. Navy.

If the MIT Center seemed to carry to their logical conclusion the on-campus extension programs of the State Department and the CIA, that was perhaps because it was set up directly with CIA funds under the guiding hand of Professor W. W. Rostow, former OSS officer and later director of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff under Kennedy and Johnson. The Center's first director, Max Millikan, was appointed in 1952 after a stint as assistant director of the CIA. Carnegie and Rockefeller joined in the funding, which by now, as in so many other cases, has passed on to Ford.

It wasn't until 1957 that Harvard got its own full-fledged Center for International Affairs. According to liberated documents, the Center was conceived as "an extension and development" of the Defense Studies Seminar whose objective was "to provide training for civilians who might later be involved in the formation of defense policy" and which was funded by the Ford Foundation, and then Carnegie.

The Harvard Center is probably unmatched in its tight interlacing of the knots of power. Among the key individuals who were involved in the creation of the Center were: Robert R. Bowie, its first director and head of the State Department Policy Planning Staff under John Foster Dulles (the dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration which gave Bowie his legitimizing "university appointment"); Henry A. Kissinger, who became associate director; Dean Rusk of the Rockefeller Foundation, who followed J. F. Dulles first at the Foundation and then in the State Department; James A. Perkins of the Carnegie Corporation, who went on to become president of Cornell and a director of the Chase Manhattan Bank; Don K. Price, vice president of the Ford Foundation, formerly of the staff of Harvard's School of Public Administration, who later returned to become dean after his stint at Ford.

McGeorge Bundy, who originally organized the Center, went on to become the overseer of JFK's national security policy. Bundy later left the White House to become head of the Ford Foundation, his key White House post being filled by the MIT Center's Rostow. When the Nixon team took over, there at the head of foreign policy planning was Henry A. Kissinger, fresh out of Harvard's Center for International Affairs. The circle was not accidental and was more than symbolic.

IN UNIVERSITY SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE, the grimier field work is often left to unprestigious social climbers like Michigan State University. MSU's now notorious [see RAMPARTS, April 1966] CIA cover operation in South Viet-Nam—writing Diem's constitution, training his police, supplying him with arms—was merely part of the school's long globe-trotting pursuit of plush, parvenue academic prominence for itself and for its guiding genius, president John A. Hannah.

Hannah began his career in what might aptly be termed obscurity—as a specialist in poultry husbandry. After rising rapidly to the position of managing agent of the Federal Hatcheries Coordinating Committee in Kansas City, he became secretary to the MSU trustees—whence, loyal and trustworthy, he was elevated to the MSU presidency. In 1949 came his formative experience: serving under Nelson Rockefeller on a Presidential Commission to map out Truman's new Point IV Cold War foreign aid program.

Seeing the wave of the future, Hannah made Michigan State "one of the largest operators of service and educational programs overseas." The rise of MSU was paralleled by the rise of Hannah, who became an Assistant Secretary of Defense, board chairman of the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank, a director of Michigan Bell Telephone and eventually chairman of the foundation-financed American Council on Education (perhaps scholardom's most important lobby in Washington).

MSU makes it clear that a university's external liaisons are not merely peripheral, isolated affairs. Hannah himself proclaims: " . . . we are trying to create a general environment and an international dimension which will permeate all relevant segments of the university over the years ahead." A 1965 report from Education and World Affairs concurs: "MSU's inter-

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national involvement is widespread, taking in [sic] almost every college and department: it has stimulated new areas of concern for the faculty, changed the nature of the faculty over the years, and altered the education of their primary charges, the students."

Meanwhile MSU, having learned the ropes in Viet-Nam, has moved on to other areas. They have, for example, set out under an AID contract to plan a comprehensive education program for Thailand. The Ford Foundation is currently pitching in on this effort, which no doubt is satisfying to David Bell, the director of AID when the MSU contract was awarded and now the Foundation's vice president in charge of international programs. Fittingly, President Nixon has now appointed MSU chief John Hannah to replace Bell as the head of AID.

No one finds university independence a more pleasant joke than the director of the CIA himself, Admiral William Raborn: " . . . in actual numbers we could easily staff the faculty of a university with our experts. In a way we do. Many of those who leave us join the faculties of universities and colleges. Some of our personnel take a leave of absence to teach and renew their contacts in the academic world. I suppose this is only fair; our energetic recruiting effort not only looks for the best young graduate students we can find, but also picks up a few professors from time to time."

It should be noted in passing that the congeniality of foundation-dominated scholarship to the CIA reflects the harmony of interest between the upper-class captains of the CIA and the upper-class trustees of the great foundations. The interconnections are too extensive to be recounted here, but the Bundy brothers (William, CIA; McGeorge, Ford) and Chadbourne Gilpatric, OSS and CIA from 1943 to 1949, Rockefeller Foundation from 1949 on, can be taken as illustrative. Richard Bissell, the genius of the Bay of Pigs (and brother-in-law of Philip Mosely of Columbia's Russian Institute), reversed the usual sequence, going from Ford to the CIA. (Characters in our story, so far, who belonged to a single upper-class club—the Cosmos—include Millikan, Rostow, Mosely, Gardner, Price, Perkins, Kissinger and Hannah.)

Of course turning professors into CIA agents is not the most common way in which scholarship is made to serve the international status quo. It is not a matter of giving professors secret instructions to falsify research results in the dead of night, but simply of determining what questions they will study. That is where the Ford Foundation comes in. So, for example, with part of the $2 million Ford grant that launched the Institute of International Studies at Berkeley as a major center, a Comparative Political Elites Archive Program was established there in 1965. In practice, the political elites studied turned out to be the ruling elites in communist countries and the potential revolutionary elites in countries within the U.S.'s imperial orbit; the power structure of the American overseas system itself was naturally not a subject of interest. Not surprisingly, the Defense Department and the RAND Corporation were also participants in the Archive Program, which until recently was developing a kind of computerized international mug file.

Occasionally there is an impotent attempt to impart integrity to these institutes, such as the "guidelines" established in response to student protests at Berkeley. "No project," the key point warned, "can be regarded as acceptable either for Institute or extramural funds if an outside agency designs the basic character of the research without the full participation and agreement of a faculty member." This important code would defend a faculty member from being forced by an outside agency (his wife and children being held hostage, perhaps, in a Pentagon dungeon) into research without his agreement. Other than that, little is ruled out; it was really a plea for decorous subtlety. (And if a professor undertook a research project financed by the NLF, one wonders if the only question raised would concern the procedure of its design.)

The inescapable reality is that so long as discretion over the vast majority of research funds and all innovative financing remains outside the university community, it is fatuous to speak of disinterested scholarship or anything remotely resembling what is commonly understood as an academic enterprise. This implication is seldom realized, because the monopoly is so complete that the very possibility of any alternative orientation is not permitted to arise for serious consideration. To appreciate the limits placed on institutionalized efforts to establish an alternative perspective in international studies in the academic world, one must turn to the one independent, critical center that managed to sustain itself in the postwar period, only to be crushed by a power so potent and ubiquitous in the structure of higher learning as to be virtually invisible to academic eyes.

ONE OF THE OLDEST PROGRAMS of inter-American studies in the U.S. was the Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies, established at Stanford University in 1944 by Professor Ronald Hilton, a tough-minded liberal scholar. In 1948 the Institute began publishing a monthly, the Hispanic American Report, which until its demise was the sole journal providing scholarly reports and analyses of developments in Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking countries. Over the years it established an international reputation and was, in the words of Gregory Rabassa, professor of Spanish and Portuguese at Columbia, "without a doubt the finest compendium of news from the whole Hispanic world." Yet because Hilton was neither a servant of power nor one of its sycophants, in all their years, neither the Report nor the Institute received a penny of foundation support, although small contributions were forthcoming from personal friends of Hilton. For its own part, Stanford was benefited not only by the distinguished specialists and earnest young scholars who gravitated to the Institute, but by the prestige of the journal. Yet Hilton received no payment beyond his professorial salary, for which he taught a full load in addition to hours put in on the Institute. His researchers and colleagues also went uncompensated for their Institute work.

In 1960, the Report dramatically demonstrated its value—and independence—by revealing that the CIA was training Cuban exiles in Guatemala for an invasion of Cuba. Needless to say, Hilton's continuing dissent from U.S. policy on Cuba did not endear him to officials in Washington or to the representatives of international corporations among the Stanford trustees.

The following year, the Ford Foundation offered $25 million to Stanford, if they could match it with $75 million in other gifts. The chairman of the "major gifts" committee was David Packard, who had made a personal fortune of $300 million as a military-industrialist and has since gone on to become

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Deputy Secretary of Defense in the current Administration. Packard announced at the end of the fund-raising campaign that more than two-thirds of the $75 million which had been raised to match the Ford grant was in gifts of $100,000 or more from 150 individuals, corporations and foundations. And among these major benefactors, more than one expressed misgivings about the Hilton Institute. According to Hilton, who had been attacked by the Standard Oil Company of California and the Stanford provost among others, "It was suggested [by university officials] that I avoid offending powerful fund raisers; a key member of the administration demanded that, even in editorials bearing my signature, I cease expressing controversial opinions . . . and that, while no attention was paid to the Institute's two advisory boards who gave me every support, the administration proposed to appoint two secret committees to keep an eye on the Report."

At precisely the time when the financial patrons of learning were expressing their misgivings about Hilton, the question of obtaining funds for an international studies program at Stanford, including Latin American studies, came up. Beginning in 1959, the Ford Foundation had embarked on a $42 million program to support international studies at select universities. At Stanford the task of drawing up a prospectus was given to a committee headed by Dean Carl Spaeth. Academically speaking, Spaeth, a law professor, was not spectacularly qualified for the job. But to preside over yet another extension of the foundation/State Department hegemony, his credentials were impeccable. He had been Nelson Rockefeller's assistant in the State Department and the Ford Foundation's director of the Division of Overseas Activities. Who could be better equipped to induce the God at Ford to breathe life into Stanford's international studies efforts?

Accordingly, in 1962 Ford made a major grant to support international studies at Stanford. The grant stipulated that all of the funds would be allocated to Spaeth's committee. It also excluded Latin American studies, pending further studies of how best to strengthen the field. Shortly thereafter, Spaeth called a conference of Latin Americanists at the modern ranch house quarters which the Ford Foundation had built in the Palo Alto hills for its Center for the Study of Behavioral Sciences. Professor Hilton was not invited.

A year of "studies" ensued, during which the problem was allowed to simmer. Then, at the direction of the dean of Graduate Students, all PhD candidates were removed from the Hispanic Institute, and Professor Hilton was informed that the Institute would henceforth concentrate on practical instruction at the MA level. There had been no discussion with Hilton, a senior faculty member, and no explanations were offered. When he asked how the administration could do such a thing without consulting the responsible faculty member, he was told: "The administration can do anything it pleases." Hilton resigned from the Institute and from his post as editor of the Report, hoping it would compel the administration to take a stand. But the administration accepted his resignation without discussion and suspended publication of the Report. Within two weeks the Ford Foundation granted Stanford $550,000 for Latin American studies.

One of the more revealing ironies of the destruction of the Hilton program was the general agreement that Latin American studies was the least developed of any area in the field. Just months before Hilton's resignation, a conference on Social Science Research on Latin America had been held at Stanford. The results were summed up: "Little capital (funds, talent, or organizational experience) has been invested in political studies of Latin America. . . . Personnel with adequate training and appropriate technical competence have been in scarce supply . . . and the level of productivity has been low." A survey revealed that there was not one senior professor of Latin American politics at any one of the ten major departments across the country.

The loss of the Institute and the Report, representing a lifetime effort, was a personal tragedy for Hilton, but for the profession it was an acid test. In fact, the destruction of one of the only independent and therefore intellectually respectable institutes of substance in the academic world produced only a ripple of protest. Hilton was unable to obtain financing to revive the Institute and the Report. The organized profession took no interest. Nor is this so mysterious when it is considered that Ford's $550,000 had gone to those Stanford Latinists who didn't make an issue of the Institute, and that this largesse was repeated on every campus where significant efforts on Latin America were taking place. In May 1966, the Latinists formed a guild, the Latin American Studies Association, which also ignored the Hilton affair. That is not surprising either. It was set up with Ford funds and its first president was Professor Kalman Silvert, who is now program advisor on Latin America for the Ford Foundation.

In its "objective" account of the Hilton affair, the Ford-funded organization, Education and World Affairs, acknowledges as a major source of conflicts the Report's treatment of "Castro's takeover," which "made the Stanford administration uneasy." The issue, they explained, was that Hilton "was responsible to no one for [the Report's] contents or comments; it was not beholden to Stanford—and yet it carried the Stanford reputation behind it."

THE CONCERN FOR "STANFORD" IS TOUCHING. As we have seen (and the cases we have taken are wholly representative; there are no exceptions), the international institutes and centers are responsible to *no* universities, if "university" means a community of students and scholars. At most they are responsible to the president, provost, or chancellor of the university, and occasionally to a select committee; but even then, if a conflict arises, the institute is free to take its manpower, prestige and munificence wherever its money sources will follow (or lead) it. Early in the history of the institutes, the Yale Center of International Studies, as a result of a policy difference between its director, Frederick S. Dunn, and the Yale administration, moved lock, stock and barrel to Princeton. Significantly, only the director, Dunn—a member, naturally, of the Council on Foreign Relations—and the associate director Klaus Knorr received appointments to the Princeton faculty. Yet although clearly "unbeholden" to Princeton "standards," the Center enjoys the prestige of association with Princeton, teaches courses in Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School where it is housed, and uses Princeton facilities and faculty members. Financial support came from the Ford Foundation and Carnegie Corporation, as well as the Rockefeller-associated Milbank Memorial Fund. Thus a director who had the confidence of the foundations was able to find a new unversity shell for his operation.

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Power

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Stanford itself houses a rather extreme (but only because so blatant) example of institute independence in the form of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace. Originally an archive, the Institution's character was changed in 1960 by fiat of its benefactor, Herbert Hoover, who eased out its liberal director and replaced him with a conservative economist, Wesley Glenn Campbell (formerly of the Defense Department, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the right-wing American Enterprise Institute). Hoover also laid down the scholarly lines that his institute would be required to follow: "The purpose of this Institution must be, by its research and publications, to demonstrate the evils of the doctrines of Karl Marx—whether Communism, Socialism, economic materialism, or atheism—thus to protect the American way of life from such ideologies, their conspiracies, and to reaffirm the validity of the American system." Stanford, which pays at least $334,000 a year to support the Hoover Institution, was perfectly satisfied with these academic strictures.

To prevent his man from becoming a mere figurehead and his statement of purpose mere paper, Hoover also offered a resolution, which the Stanford trustees genially accepted, establishing the Institution's independence within the University. Under Hoover's plan the director has complete automony over his staff and budget and reports only to the president of the University. Some faculty members at Stanford had the temerity to complain that Campbell was using his power to build a staff in his own conservative image (his executive assistant is a former chief aide of J. Edgar Hoover, while Campbell's wife, whose publications include attacks on social security, Medicare and welfare, is one of the few senior staff members). When asked about these faculty complaints, Campbell told Washington Monthly reporter Berkeley Rice: "I wish the faculty would keep their noses out of my business."

Not surprisingly, Campbell is an impressive figure to people like Ronald Reagan, who made him a regent of the University of California, perhaps on the basis of his expertise in handling faculty-administrative relations. Moreover, the Hoover Institution budget has grown from $400,000 to $2 million as a result of fund drives during Campbell's tenure. The co-chairman of the long-range fund drive until his appointment to the Pentagon was that benefactor of Stanford scholarship, David Packard. Financial support has been forthcoming from foundations, alumni, and top executives from Standard Oil (New Jersey), Gulf Oil, Mobil Oil, Union Carbide and Lockheed. Like the more politic (and no less political) liberal institutes, the Hoover Institution does lucrative contract work for the government and subsidizes its "scholarly" products (through the CIA-involved Praeger publishing house). Not surprisingly, its experts have found a home in the Nixon Administration, particularly in the Defense Department's office of International Security Affairs which coordinates U.S. military and foreign policy and where Hoover men occupy several top posts.

THE HILTON AND HOOVER EPISODES are merely exceptionally graphic illustrations of a system in which the prostitution of intellect has become so pervasive and profound that all but a small minority mistake it for academic virtue. The foundations, with their practical monopoly on substantial discretionary funds, have purchased control over the fundamental direction of research and academic energies on a national scale. Even if individual researchers and ideologues are not corrupted—though plenty of them are—the *system* of academic research and ideology formation is. Most academics no more perceive the ideological basis of their work than we smell air or taste water. The politically inoffensive (not neutral) is seen as unbiased, objective, value-free science; a radical orientation stands out as prejudiced, inappropriate and, gravest of all, unprofessional.

Perhaps the most critical point of leverage in academic control is in the formation of perspectives, analytic models, agendas for research. Not all social phenomena are visible to all analytic models and methodologies, and the social scientist who shapes his tools to collect government and foundation finances will not be equipped to research or even ask questions which, though crucial to an understanding of the contemporary world, would not be looked on favorably by those agencies.

For example, the American overseas system consists of some 3000 military bases, mutual security treaties with more than 30 nations, and more than $60 billion in direct capital investments around the world. To begin to understand the workings and the impact of this system, one would need to research (1) U.S. corporate and financial interests overseas, their interest group structure, their significance in the U.S. economy, their political influence on U.S. foreign policy, on local regimes, etc.; (2) U.S. military bases, installations and alliances, their interlockings with corporate and political interests, their economic impact, etc.; (3) U.S. and U.S.-dominated international agencies, foundations, universities, their overseas operations and interlockings with the above interests and so on. Yet on the basis of the State Department's directory of foreign affairs research in American universities, it can be said with reasonable certainty that there is not one institutional attempt being made anywhere to research a single one of these questions.

In the spring of 1966, the role of the CIA at Michigan State was revealed by a courageous intellectual (now without a university base) who had been the coordinator of the MSU Viet-Nam project, Stanley K. Sheinbaum. [RAMPARTS, April 1966.] In his retrospective analysis of the operation, Sheinbaum wrote: "Looking back I am appalled how supposed intellectuals . . . could have been so uncritical about what they were doing." His explanation of this default was that "we lack historical perspective. We have been conditioned by our social science training not to ask the normative question; we possess neither the inclination *nor the means* to question and judge our foreign policy. We have only the capacity to be experts and technicians to serve that policy."

What may have seemed like an isolated scandal in 1966 can now be recognized as a universal condition of organized intellect in America. The saddest part is that the academics have become such eager victims. They have internalized the limits placed upon them. They fiercely uphold a strict academic professionalism. But it is no more than expert servitude to oppressive power, to a system whose wages are poverty and blood. They do not see that what they have really embraced is the perverted professionalism of the mercenary and the hired gun.

The author wishes to acknowledge the research assistance of Rob Cunningham, as well as of the activists who liberated the documents and produced the booklets "How Harvard Rules" (ARG and Old Mole) and "Who Rules Columbia" (NACLA).

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A Psychoanalytic Dialogue with a Commentary by Jean-Paul Sartre

This "Psychoanalytic Dialogue" is the actual transcript of a tape-recorded psychoanalytic session. The patient, referred to here as B, had been under analysis from the age of 14 to 28. Finally, in this interview, he pulled out a tape recorder in the middle of the session (the recording begins at this point), and in general turned the tables on his long-time analyst, referred to as Dr. X.

The transcript was originally published —after considerable dispute among the editors—by Les Temps Modernes *of Paris. The commentary that follows it is Jean-Paul Sartre's defense of its publication and his assessment of its significance. Both the dialogue and the commentary were translated by Dr. Paul Augst, professor of Comparative Literature at the University of California, Berkeley. Both are abridged.*

B There is something I want to have clarified. Up to now I have followed *your* rules, now *you* must try . . .

DR. X If you don't mind, we are going to stop right here.

B Are you afraid of the tape recorder then?

DR. X I don't want it. I won't go on.

B But why? At least tell me that much. Are you afraid of the tape recorder?

DR. X I'm cutting this off!

B You're cutting this off? That's quite interesting. You're going back to the "cutting off." A while ago you were talking about the cutting of the penis; now all of a sudden it's you who wishes to cut something.

DR. X Listen! We're finished now with this tape recorder.

B I think you're scared. I think you're scared, and it's a mistake because what I came to do is for your benefit. No joke. I'm taking a big chance, and I'm doing it for you and for a lot of other people. I want to get to the bottom of this mystification, and I intend to keep at it.

DR. X Fine, then . . .

B No, Doctor! You're going to stay there and you're not going to touch your telephone. And don't try getting me locked up.

DR. X I won't have you locked up if you'll leave the room.

B I am not leaving the room! I have some accounts for you to settle, some important accounts, and you're going to give me some answers. And I'm not only asking in my name, but in the name of . . . Come on, be nice and sit down. Don't get mad. I'm not trying to screw you up. . . . You don't want to sit down? OK, stand up. Fine! Now then, "the cutting of the penis." That's it, isn't it? My father wanted me . . . No? What was it again?

DR. X Listen. You are in no condition to talk.

B But it's you who won't talk. You're the one who's not fit.

DR. X I asked you to put away your tape recorder.

B But my tape recorder isn't a prick, you know! It's an audience which listens to us with a great deal of benevolence.

DR. X I was in the process of explaining something to you . . .

B Yes, well, go on!

DR. X And rather than trying to understand, you . . .

B Because you wanted to just drop something crucial which you had been cramming into my head for years, and I simply wouldn't want you to try and get out of it by evading the problem—that is, the problem once again of your responsibility.

DR. X Yours!

B What?

DR. X Right now you want to make me responsible for things that are your responsibility.

B Not at all! I'm doing some work at the moment. Some scientific work!

DR. X That's possible.

B Fine, let's continue. You know that things go a lot better when scientific work is recorded. That way we are free; we don't have to take notes. We will make some progress.

DR. X It's not a matter of scientific work!

B Of course it is! I thought I was dealing with a man of science! At any rate I placed my trust in a man of science, and I would like to know precisely what science we are dealing with, because I'm no longer convinced that this "science" is not quackery.

DR. X I have the right not to speak in front of a tape recorder.

B Of course you have the right, and you don't fail to assert it. . . . You feel indicted, and you talk like an American who won't talk except in the presence of his lawyer . . . Sit down! Now, why were you going to make a phone call?

DR. X I didn't want to have you committed, but . . .

B You couldn't have me locked up, you know! Because if there is anyone who should be locked up, it would be you —if it were determined which of us is unbalanced. But listen, I like you, I don't want to harm you. This is lots of fun. Although I wish you would stop being afraid.

DR. X I'm not having fun.

B But you are afraid. And the libido—what are you doing with it? Do you think I want to cut off your weenie? Don't worry! I've come to give you a real one; a real . . . This is great! Oh well. You've had this little party coming to you for a long time! Listen, admit that you're getting yourself out of this mess in style. Doctor!!! Doctor, I wish you well, but you—you don't wish yourself well. I wish you well but—but I find that you take advantage. Yes, you have greatly taken advantage of me. I would even say that you swindled me a bit, if we had to look at things from a legal standpoint, because you didn't fulfill your obligations. You didn't cure me at all, because you don't know how to cure people; you only know how to make them a little crazier. All you have to do is to ask your other patients—that is, your "patients," those whom you call "patients," those

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who come to you in search of a little help and don't get any, who get only the expectation . . . Come on, sit down! Relax!

DR. X Now let me go, this situation is dangerous.

B Dangerous?

DR. X You're dangerous.

B Not at all; you're just saying that! You won't stop trying to make me believe that I'm dangerous, but I'm not at all.

DR. X You're dangerous because you misjudge reality!

B But what is "reality"? We have to understand *each other* first. I know one thing—from the point of view of your reality—and that's that you are really furious. You're having a hell of a time containing yourself and you're going to burst for sure. You're going to blow your top; you're going to collapse for sure, and it's for nothing. I don't want to harm you. I've no reason; I am not your father.

DR. X You have a tape recorder with you!

B I am not your father!

DR. X I don't want this kind of interview.

B Say, do you want a spanking?

DR. X I told you, you are dangerous!

B Of course not, I'm asking you a question, if you would stop acting like a little brat.

DR. X I'm telling you that you're dangerous.

B And I am telling you that you're acting like a little brat!

DR. X Let's stop this here.

B We have some accounts that you must settle!

DR. X You see, you are dangerous!

B I am not dangerous; I am merely raising my voice. But you can't take it. Does it scare you to hear someone scream? If you hear a scream, you don't know what's happening; it's frightening; it's awful; it's daddy who's screaming.

(*For the past few moments the two speakers have been standing about one foot from each other.*)

But I, Billyboy, I only scream to show that this time it's not serious. You see now, you're already getting over your fear. There! You see, it's not that bad: I am not your father.

DR. X Are you trying to imitate your father at the moment?

B Of course not—yours! The one I see in your eyes.

DR. X You're trying to play the part . . .

B I don't want to play a part with you; I only want to free myself from your agonies! You're the one wetting your pants at the moment. No doubt about it! Look at that: why are you crossing your arms like that? You're the one who's trying to defend himself! You really think that I am going to hit you! I'm too smart for that! I'm restraining myself; I don't want to do to you what you want me to do. It'd be so much simpler: I'd hit you. It'd be my fault. I'd have started it. I'd have committed an act which would give you the authority to . . . I don't know . . . to be a doctor, to play the part of a doctor . . . a psychiatrist. If I am dangerous, I'm not dangerous for the little Billyboy; I'm dangerous for the doctor, for the sadistic doctor, not for the small Billyboy. He too has suffered; I don't feel like hitting him at all . . . But the doctor, the psychiatrist, the one who's taken the father's place, that one—he deserves a kick in the ass. Now, let me explain something to you.

(*He points to the professional couch.*) It is not possible to be cured on that thing! It's impossible. And you yourself aren't cured because you spent too many years on that. You don't even dare look people in the face. A while ago you started by saying that one must "face one's fantasies." I could never have *faced* anything; you had obliged me to turn my back. That's not the way to cure people. It's impossible, since, in fact, to live with others is to know how to face them. What did you want me to learn on that couch? The opposite! You had me forget the desire even to try to live with others or to confront anything. And that is what *your* problem is! That is the reason why you want people to stay in that position. It's because you cannot face them, and you cannot cure them; you can only unload your own father problems that you can't get rid of. And from session to session you drag victims along with just that—the father problem, hmmm. You understand a little of what I'm trying to say? I have had a great deal of difficulty understanding it, getting out of it and turning my back on it. Of course, you had me do mental exercise—at least a little. But admit that it was a bit expensive. If only that were all! But there is worse: with promises you made me forget how to face things and I trusted you—except that as I could see you, I couldn't imagine when you were going to give me what I had come to get from you. I was waiting for your permission. That's right! You'd have been pretty stupid to give it to me, don't you think—to set me straight, to free me—since I was feeding you, you were living at my expense, you were sucking me. *I* was sick; you were the doctor. At last, you had turned around your childhood problem of being the infant up against the father. You had the right, well, the right to lock up, for example, not necessarily me, but you do have the authority to have other people locked up . . .

DR. X I was calling the 609 to make you leave—the 609, the police—to have you expelled.

B The police! Daddy? That's it. Your daddy is a policeman! And you were phoning your daddy to ask him to come and get me. Listen, this is really getting interesting. Why did you want to call the police? You would have missed the whole thing. Admit, anyway . . .

DR. X You are a doctor of Law.

B . . . that I was right to stop you . . .

DR. X When someone doesn't want to leave your house, you call the police.

B Look at the way you've reacted. What a nutty story! You get yourself all upset, all excited, because someone takes out a small machine which is going to let you understand what's going on here. It's ridiculous. Besides, you haven't been able to explain why you don't want a recording. Don't you even want to tell me why you're so angry? It's because all of a sudden I was taking over. Until now, you were used to being in complete control of the situation, and suddenly here there's something strange that gets in, that moves in your place.

DR. X I am not used to physical violence.

B What do you mean "physical violence"?

DR. X It is a violent act to take out this tape recorder now.

B Physical violence!

(*Extreme surprise*)

DR. X Besides, you know it very well . . . all you have to do is to see where my

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phone is to see that it is physical violence.

(*The telephone is indeed on the floor from the initial incident: "You won't touch the phone . . ."*)

B But listen: are you serious? Do you get some pleasure from saying what you just said?

DR. X You ought to listen to yourself again.

B Undoubtedly, and you too, listen to your silence . . .

DR. X The time I had reserved for you has run out; you must leave. Listen, now, there is someone who is waiting for me.

B I don't care! The next victim is in no hurry.

DR. X I care.

B (*Categorically*) We won't leave this room as long as things won't be clearer about what happened. Please don't speak of physical violence, because it's you who, by forcing me to get back on the couch, initiated physical violence. You twisted me; you are the one who put my head upside down. You falsified the conditions, don't you realize that? Don't you realize that you are ridiculous all of a sudden? There is something that goes beyond the present moment! There is something shameful in your present behavior, something childish!

DR. X You see that you are dangerous; I told you that you were dangerous.

B Doctor X, you are a clown! . . . you are a sinister clown! You are dodging . . . How many years did I come to see you two or three times a week, and what did I get out of it? If I am mad and dangerous as you say now, you'll only harvest what you sowed, what you invested with your misleading theory. You must realize that. And actually you might get out of this pretty well, with the little fear you have at the moment and the little thinking I am asking you to do. It's a little duty that I impose on you—a tiny duty; it's not so bad! It doesn't hurt! Come on, smile; don't make such a face! It's important, you know, to occupy yourself curing people, to be a doctor. And psychoanalysis—many books have been written on that subject. It's worth thinking about it and worth trying to understand each other frankly and to understand what happened between us, because perhaps we can get something out of it for other people. And I am not dangerous, so don't keep telling me that all the time, because you are trying to confuse us! You benefited from the prevalent situation: you came after Freud, someone paid for your studies, and you managed to put a plaque on your door! And now, having the right to do so, you are bugging a lot of people and you think that's enough. You're a flunky and you won't do anything with your life except unload your problems on other people . . . OK . . . Well, now that's all over, you understand! You'll be very glad for what I made you go through, because I am not doing anything to you at all, nothing at all.

DR. X Yes, I have to suffer your presence.

B I am not forcing my presence on you; I would like you to sit down.

DR. X Physical violence! Physical violence!

B Not at all; I would like you to remain seated.

DR. X Physical violence!

B Sit down, won't you.

DR. X Physical violence!

B (*Fatherly and reassuring voice*) But no.

DR. X Physical violence!

B No, it's like in the theater.

DR. X You are imposing physical violence on me.

B Not at all; I am not doing anything violent to you.

DR. X I gave you a chance to explain yourself.

B Now I would like you to explain yourself.

DR. X Now the interview is over.

B No kidding! I dare you! I say that it isn't! So? Who is going to take the first step towards physical violence?

DR. X You are doing it right now.

B Not at all, I like it here! I am like a Southern senator who won't move from his desk.

DR. X You are really dangerous, yes, you are obviously ver . . .

(*The doctor goes to the window, loud noise of the shutters being opened*)

B Are you going to jump out the window? That's fantastic! You're really going to do that?

(*Shutter noise again, as* B *closes them, while laughing*)

You see that this is really like theater.

DR. X It's going to end badly.

B It's going to turn into a melodrama! A bloody melodrama! Blood is going to flow!

DR. X There is going to be blood for sure.

B No, no, there won't be blood; it won't end like that! It's going to end very quietly! We're having lots of fun.

DR. X It's going to end with physical violence.

B No, it won't end with physical violence.

DR. X Let me open the door and leave.

B But you're afraid? You're starting all over again?

DR. X You see, you are dangerous.

B And moral torture! What do you make of that?

DR. X You are acting on the physical level.

(*It should be added that* B, *leaning against the door, occupies a strategic position.*)

Well, I'm serious now: time is up.

B What do you mean?

DR. X I have to see other patients.

B It's time? But how? It's time to settle accounts! Surely the time has come.

DR. X I am very sorry.

B What do you mean, you're sorry? Just a minute! I'm the one who's sorry. You don't understand! You made me crazy; you made me crazy for years. For years! And you want to leave it at that?

DR. X Help! . . . help!

(*From now on the doctor screams a dozen times, louder and louder, with a voice that sounds like a pig being slaughtered.*)

Help! Murder! Helllp! Helllp!

B Shut up and sit down.

DR. X Helllllp! Helllllp!

B Shut up or I'll tie you up!

DR. X Helllllllp!

(*Screams again*)

You see, you are dangerous.

B Of course not, I am not dangerous.

DR. X Helllllp!

B You're afraid I'm going to cut off your weenie?

DR. X Helllllllllp!

(*That's the most beautiful scream of them all.*)

B That's a funny recording!

DR. X That's going to be very funny indeed! Help! Help! Help!

(*This time it's the sinister and final scream of a puppet losing its stuffing, like a dead animal—followed by a long silence.*)

B Come on, my good man, pick up

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Charade (*Lithograph*)

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your glasses.

DR. X They're broken.

(*That was not true.*)

(*Pause*)

B Well! I sure didn't expect you to behave like an ass like that! I sure didn't! You are really childish! You're the one who started the fight. Sit down. You're a man of science! Some science! That's something; Freud would really be happy! I bet he never got into an insane state like that.

DR. X Now, if you don't mind, let's call it off. People have been warned outside. You'd better leave.

B I'd be delighted if you could go till the end of it.

DR. X You are chancing being locked up, but it won't be my fault.

B Very well—delighted. I'm waiting for it; I'm curious to find out if you'll have the nerve to go that far. We are in the process of writing an excellent chapter in psychoanalysis.

DR. X What else do you want me to tell you?

B Let's sit down and wait for the police—Daddy's arrival. Sit down; quiet down; you are terribly upset, Doctor Jekyll . . . He . . . Mr. Hyde is never very far, hmmm . . . When I think that I wanted to help you . . . (*Pause*) I am not dangerous, I am very gentle.

DR. X Certainly, believe it.

B No, no . . . we are now going to begin the indictment of psychoanalysts and we are going to find out what's going on in the offices where they're alone with their patients. We are going to see, and I think it's going to be a fascinating discovery, to find out just who has his bean upside down. What, you want to go away? You want to scram? Coward!

(*The Doctor can be heard a little farther away talking to his wife: "Lulu, please call 609!"*)

B (*Imitating the Doctor's voice and intonation*) Please hurry. OK, I'm leaving . . .

DR. X Next time . . .

B Yes?

DR. X I won't say anything else today. I don't mind talking to you again, but today I'll only speak in front of people who can restrain your physical violence.

B Very well!

DR. X I am ready to explain myself to you without a tape recorder and in front of people who can restrain you.

B Fine! You have nothing else to add? It's over? We are cutting it off then? We are ending the session?

DR. X Yes!

B Very well, the session is ended. It's the first one. See you next time. Goodbye, Doctor.

Commentary by Jean-Paul Sartre

FIRST OF ALL, A FEW WORDS to avoid a possible misunderstanding: I am not a "fair-weather friend" of psychoanalysis but a critical companion, and I have no desire—and no means—to ridicule it. The preceding dialogue will make people smile: it is always entertaining to see Guignol punch the commissioner. But personally I don't find it funny—either for the analyst or for the person being analyzed. Of course the latter has the best role and I'll explain later on why I find him exceptional. The doctor pulled through the affair without glory (who could do better) but without disaster: he said nothing.

B calls this a "psychoanalytic dialogue"—an ironic title. He wants us to see that, as Merlin says, "One who analyzes another is often analyzing himself." Thus DR. X is seen as projecting his own "childhood problems" onto B. This interpretation, however, concerns only B. For us, it is in any case not the problem; even if a mistake was made, this isolated case cannot be an indictment of psychoanalysis.

If this is so, why was I so fascinated by this dialogue? Well, because it brings out with overwhelming clarity the intrusion of the *subject* into the analytic setting, or rather the reversal of the one-sided relationship between the subject and the object. By "subject," I do not mean the self or Ego, that quasi-object of reflection, but the one who *acts*, the *agent*. In this brief adventure, B is the subject in the same sense in which Marx refers to the proletariat as being the subject of history.

Let us understand: B admits that he "needed help"; he criticizes DR. X for not having "cured him" and for having held him at his mercy by "promising" to give him some day the "authorization" to get better. DR. X, he claims, has aggravated his case. B does not, therefore, present himself as a completely free and healthy subject (who is?), but rather as a wounded subject or, to put it differently, as the subject of his wound, the tormented unity of overwhelming problems that he is asking others to help him solve.

This said, what does he accuse DR. X of? Let him speak: "One can never be cured on that [he points to the professional couch]. . . . You don't dare look people in the face. A while ago you began by talking of the need to 'face one's fantasies.' I could never have *faced* anything! You forced me to turn my back. You can't cure people that way. It's impossible because . . . to live with others is to know how to face them." Does B question the method, the couch, the studied silence of the professional listeners? Yes and no. For years he did his best to express himself, to expose himself, not unaware that his words, apparently free and random, referred back to an obscure text that he had to elaborate. But in this striking metaphor, to "face," to "turn one's back," he presents to us his profound experience: that by his mere presence, the silent and invisible witness to his speech transforms, in the very mouth of his patient, the words into objects. This is true for the simple reason that there could not be any kind of reciprocity between this turned back and this man sitting, invisible, inaccessible.

Of course, the "patient" must free himself; it is for him by degrees to discover *himself*. The trouble, B tells us, is that it is understood *from the start* that he will discover himself as a passivity, through the intermediary of this gaze which assesses him and which he cannot grasp. This man with the tape recorder is convinced that the path which leads to independence (facing his fantasies and other people) cannot be achieved through total dependency—through transfer and frustration, the promise, at least implicit (I'll cure), the expectation of a "permission." He is disappointed—it's true. He is mad at his analyst and some will call it a poorly resolved transfer. But what

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should B be told if he says that the cure of the "patient" must begin with confrontation, face to face, and become a joint enterprise where each takes his risks and assumes his responsibilities? Was he castrated? So be it. He doesn't mind being told that—but face to face. Such an interpretation should be proposed to him, to *him*, B . . . in the course of a long adventure in which two are taking part; it should not just "befall" him anonymously, impersonally, like words of stone.

In the "Psychoanalytic Dialogue," the roles are reversed. But because the analyst now becomes an object, the encounter of man with man is thwarted once again.

This is violence, DR. X claims. This is undoubtedly true. But is it not rather a counter-violence? B puts the issue very well: this "interminable psychoanalytic relationship," this dependency, this transfer, counted on and provoked, this feudality, this long childbirth of the man prostrated on the couch, returned to his childhood, mumbling, breechless—isn't this the initial violence? I am sure that, had the tape recorder not been there, DR. X would have answered him in the following manner: "We never use force, anyone can come and go as he pleases; when a patient wants to leave us, we may try to dissuade him—because we know very well that this break is harmful for him—but if he insists, we yield." This is true and, as far as I am concerned, this is not an indictment of the analysts. But B would not give in so readily. He tells us: setting the men aside and considering only the situation, the weekly or biweekly abdication of the person being analyzed in favor of the analyst becomes an increasingly imperious necessity. That is to say that the condition of being an object has advantages; the violence is always concealed and surreptitious. To be a subject is tiring, and, on the couch, everything invites the patient to replace with the anonymous society of external impulses the agonizing responsibility of being alone.

THE REVERSAL OF ROLES IN THIS dialogue clearly shows that the analytic narration is in itself violent, regardless of what pair of doctor and patient is considered. In fact, when violence reverses the situation, the analyst immediately becomes analyzed, or rather subject to analysis. The power move and the doctor's powerlessness put him artificially into the situation of neurosis. B calculated his move well. Listen to him: "Up to now you were accustomed to completely controlling the situation and suddenly something odd seems to overcome you. . . ." And the analyst's answer proves that suddenly he has turned "patient." His words must now be deciphered: "I am not in the habit of employing physical violence." What a strange sentence; why not simply say "violence"? Is *moral* violence, then, a regular norm for him? And why is it that he gives as an example of physical violence the mere action of "setting up this tape recorder now?" I don't intend to take advantage of these few words spoken understandably enough in a moment of confusion; I only wish to explain that violence disrupts the discourse and that the meaning of each word becomes magnified, because it means either too much or not enough.

DR. X's sudden change—from subject of the analysis, the agent of therapy, into an object—creates in him a crisis of identity: how is he to recognize himself? This explains the strangeness which he suddenly experiences and the desperate resistance with which he opposes B: he will not speak in front of the tape recorder. The explanation of this should be sought first of all in professional standards. But is that enough? Does it account for his abhorrence of the tape recorder? Doesn't he discover, just like the object of an analysis, that the words with which he was so miserly and which fly away so lightly in the silence of his office (a "patient" is not a witness) will be recorded forever? They were but the whisper of his supreme thought; they threaten to become its petrification. Lifeless, they will testify. This tape recorder exasperates the most gentle of men, because it corresponds to the warning of British Law to the accused: from now on, everything you say may be held against you.

DR. X makes a last attempt to intimidate B, to deal with him as if he were an object, to remind him of his dependency: "You are dangerous because you misjudge reality." But he gets this most ingenious answer: "Reality, what is it?" Indeed, what is reality when analyst and patient are facing each other, when, with the help of violence, the analyst can no longer decide by himself and from a position of authority what is real—in other words, when he can no longer select a privileged conception of the world? What is reality when the patient refuses to leave? When in a farcical reaction of antagonistic reciprocity each man psychoanalyzes the other, or rather when they apply the same schemas to one another: it's your father you're imitating, no, it's yours; don't be childish, you're childish. When the analytical language, re-doubled, repeated in echoes, anonymous, seems to have grown insane?

Such a limiting situation—and I should add that other analysts have found the same situation and that it is one of the risks of the profession—allows us to raise this question: is it necessary to choose between psychoanalysis and the subject-being of the patient? Observe the man with the tape recorder (whether he made a mistake or not is unimportant). Notice how he has elaborated his scheme in his head, plotted his move, how he executed it; listen to him speak, notice his irony and also his anguish ("I must have a lot of nerve to pull something like this . . ."), and his poise when he plays with the concepts that have been applied to him for so long. Now I ask you, *who* is he? Who is this B who is talking? A blind, objective psychological process, or the transcending of this very process through an action? I have no doubt that even the most minor of B's words and actions can be interpreted analytically—but this can be done only at the cost of returning him to the status of analytical *object*. What will disappear along with the subject is the inimitable and singular quality of the scene—in other words, the action as such. And don't tell me that it is a "patient" who is organizing the scene. I grant you that; I agree that he organizes it as a *patient*. But he does it nonetheless. The analysts can explain motivations for B's "acting out." But the action itself—which at once internalizes, transcends and preserves the morbid motivations by use of a single tactic—that they don't bother to account for.

In England or Italy, B would unquestionably have found what he was seeking: a new generation of psychiatrists trying to establish a tie of reciprocity between themselves and the persons they treat. Without abandoning any of the tremendous gains made by psychoanalysis, they respect in each patient the freedom to act as an agent, a subject—a freedom which has somehow been thwarted. It doesn't seem impossible that some day the "pure" psychoanalysts will join them. Meanwhile, I offer this "Dialogue" as a benign and beneficial scandal.

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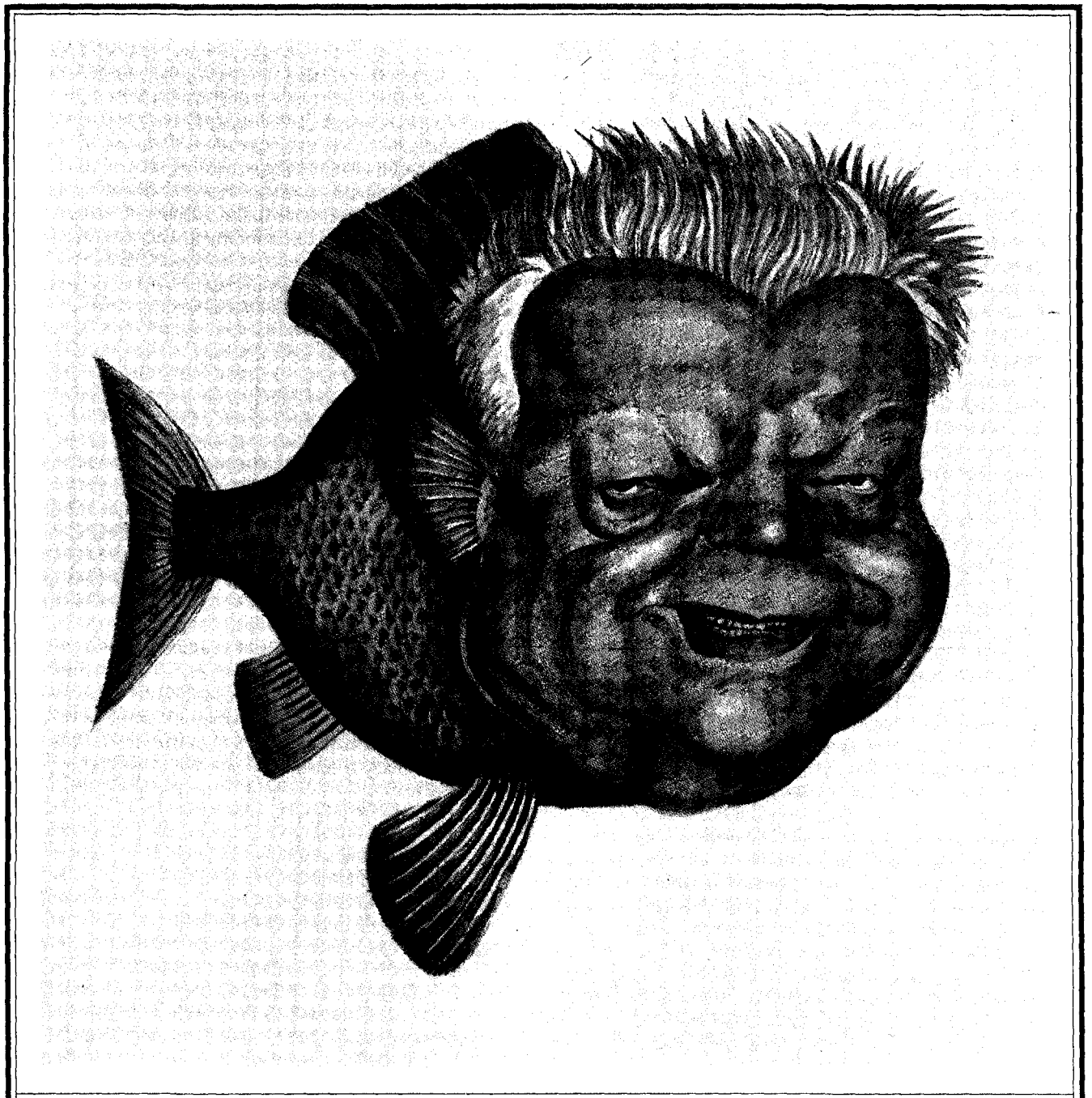

THE BESTIARY NUMBER 13

The Red Snapper

(Tyrannasaurus lox)

So called because of its habit of snapping at anything with a reddish tinge, the Red Snapper is leader emeritus of a school of 450,000 fishes. Thanks to the Snapper's peerless leadership, these fish have 575 million clams buried under the ocean bed. The only trouble is they haven't figured out a way to get their teeth into them. They are in fact among the poorest fish in the sea. The Red Snapper, however, continues to thrive.

Though the Snapper was just an impecunious sardine when it migrated west from the Baltic during the paleozoic era, it now swims with the big fish. The Snapper is living proof that in America the ocean bed is paved with gold.

—EDWARD SOREL

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ILGWU:

Fighting for Lower Wages

by Michael Myerson

WHEN DAVID DUBINSKY, ENTRENCHED ruler of the 450,000-member International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, retired in 1966 from his 34-year presidency, Time magazine eulogized the "old populist potentate who had done so much to lead the poor and exploited into the different society."

Dubinsky's ILGWU has long been renowned as a model of progressive unionism—scourge of the sweatshops, voice of the disenfranchised, pioneer in health and vacation benefits, housing and social services for its members, founder and until recently the mainstay of New York's Liberal Party. The ILG is pointed to as showing a "third way" to American Labor: it avoids the vulnerability of non-unionized labor, but at the same time it has led all others in combating those "dangerous excesses" of unionism characterized as the "bitterness and class hatred" sowed by Communist union leaders in the 1930's. The ILG is proud of having shown the way for labor to better its lot by working with the employers, rather than against them. It is acclaimed as a model because it has racked up its achievements not with ruinous class strife, but through the mellow socialist idealism of its leaders successfully harnessed to American reality. But the model is a shuck. The ILG's "third way" has proved as illusory and insubstantial as the halo over David Dubinsky's head.

As early as 1910, the late Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, dealing with a long, bitterly fought strike of immigrant cloak workers, introduced a formula for harmonious labor relations called the Protocols of Peace, in essence a peace without strike. By the time David Dubinsky won the struggle for the ILG presidency in 1932, he was a devotee of Brandeis' beatific conception of labor-management harmony. In the next four years Dubinsky firmly consolidated his position in the union, purging the Communists and other incorrigibles who insisted that his vision of industrial serenity was mere "class collaborationism." Meanwhile his doctrine was solidly institutionalized through a device—worked out with Maurice Saltzman, president of Bobbie Brooks Inc., the ILG's largest employer—called the joint Labor Relations Committee and designed to take the "crisis" element out of negotiations. And in fact there has been only one brief strike in the union's New York stronghold in the entire 37-year period since Dubinsky took office. The cost of this Pax Dubinsky has been steep, and it is the men and women of his union who have had to pay the price. In 1947, dressmaking paid an average of 42 cents an hour *more* than steelworking; in 1967, it paid 95 cents an hour *less*. It paid 33 cents an hour more than auto-working in 1947. Twenty years later it paid $1.17 less.

Five years ago, the ILG and the employers' association hired a research team headed by economist Leon Keyserling, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under Truman, to do a $100,000 study of the ladies' garment industry in New York. The results were so damaging that they have yet to be released. It was two years before Dubinsky even got around to telling the membership that such a study had been made. To release it would not be practical, he said, "in view of the special and unique nature of the garment industry."

The Keyserling study (which was limited to New York and focused on the 80,000 dressmakers as representatives of the city's 300,000 ILG members) argued that conditions in the industry may be the worst of any unionized field. One of the most startling findings was that, in real terms (i.e., in buying power after adjustment for inflation), weekly and annual earnings had actually *declined* over the preceding decade. This despite an increase in real productivity—the average amount of goods produced per worker—of at least 15 per cent in the same period. The study also revealed the extent to which workers were forced by chronic layoffs to resort to unemployment insurance. At the time of the study, only 3.5 per cent of New York's workers were in the garment industry, yet they drew 24 per cent of all the unemployment benefits paid.

In a sense the low wage pattern of the Keyserling report should be seen not as a defeat for Dubinsky, but as a victory: *suppression of wage levels has in fact been an active policy of his union*. It is a policy that follows from and is bound up with the whole orientation which Dubinsky's leadership has so effectively established. In simplest terms it is this: "Don't ask too much of business, or it will go away and leave us with nothing."

Where will the businesses go? To locations where the labor is cheaper and the union less effective or, more likely, nonexistent. And that is exactly what has been happening, because hard as it may be to believe, the New York wages reported by Keyserling are not the worst going. In the year of his study the wage level was lower in Los Angeles (by 23 per cent), Chicago (27 per cent), St. Louis and Fall River, Massachusetts

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(34 per cent), and Cleveland and Dallas (40 per cent); even in northern New Jersey, just across the state line, the level was a fifth below New York's. It is not surprising then that the phenomenon of runaway shops has become increasingly prevalent in New York; in an eight-year period the number of shops in New York dropped by more than 23 per cent, while they doubled in Massachusetts and increased by 410 per cent in Pennsylvania. At the time of the Keyserling report, the average annual wage in Pennsylvania dress shops was $2067.

Faced with these conditions, what *can* a union do? One indication of what can be done is the experience of the independent union, District 65 (formerly affiliated with the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union and the AFL-CIO). District 65 is an old "catchall" union, but a quarter of its 40,000 members work on the edges of the garment industry in jobs closely comparable to those controlled by the ILG. District 65 has "runaway shop" clauses in its contracts, providing for such high severance pay for employees in case of a move that many employers find it cheaper to remain. (When one employer with four New Jersey plants opened a fifth in Arizona, District 65 was prepared to send pickets to Arizona to make sure that its wage scales were protected throughout the company's operations; they got a contract.)

A "65" vice president told me that in his union the minimum beginning weekly wage is $97.50 "for a kid off the street, an unskilled order picker." 65ers in the garment district average $1100 more annually than ILG members, and some in comparable jobs earn as much as $400 more per month. But the comparison doesn't end there. A District 65 member averaging $6000 a year is eligible for a pension on a sliding scale ranging from $55 a month after ten years up to $190 after 30 years. In Cutters' Local 10 of the ILGWU, on the other hand (current-president Stulberg's own local, and one of the highest paid in the garment industry), it takes 15 years to qualify for a pension, and then it's $75 a month, period.

More than three decades ago, the ILG practically invented vacation pay. But today, 30 years later, the maximum pay is the same old $75, inflation notwithstanding. In some locals, the worker gets the money but no time off; in a few exceptional cases he gets as much as two weeks off. All of District 65's contracts have three- or four-week fully paid vacations for experienced workers.

District 65 has demonstrated impressively that a more aggressive union approach can bring considerable benefits, even in the face of the conditions that lead to runaway shops. But militancy in the organized strongholds is ultimately insufficient. The call of cheap labor over the horizon remains an irresistible siren-song in the ears of business. Unlike District 65, however, the ILG has the resources to attack the problem at its source by going out to organize those unorganized workers—following after the runaway shops and canceling out the profitability of their flight. Its leadership has simply chosen not to rock the boat.

The ILG leadership views "organizing the unorganized" rather like the Ice Age or goldfish swallowing or revolution in America—all memorable phenomena, but happily things of the past. Currently the union does not, in the usual sense, organize at all; it *re*-organizes as workers come and go within its established sphere. The union's own auditing department records a growth in membership between 1956 and 1968 of only 6000, or about two per cent in 12 years. But even more revealing is what happened when, about ten years ago, the ILG quite inadvertantly organized a plant in the South.

In 1960 Levi Strauss & Co. opened a new plant in Blue Ridge, Georgia, a few miles south of the Tennessee border. The new plant got 3800 job applications, from which it selected 450 production workers, most of them women. Working conditions were bad to begin with and almost immediately became miserable. Many of the women were married to men who worked in nearby Copperhill, Tennessee, and who belonged to the Chemical Workers' Union. Drawing on their husbands' experience, they organized a local of the ILGWU, and in a short time ILG headquarters had helped negotiate a contract—the first union contract in the history of Fannin County, Georgia.

It was quite a contract. Virtually every clause in the provisions regarding disputes turned on the phrase, "in the opinion of management." On August 10, 1966, following a number of arbitrary moves by the company, 460 workers walked out (the total by then was 570). The bitter, two-year strike achieved a certain national prominence as the Jefferson Airplane rock group "scabbed" with psychedelic radio plugs for White Levi's. Meanwhile scab workers manned the plant, the home of the local's chairwoman was burned down, and a shotgun was fired into the bedroom of another union official.

The international provided no assistance, concentrating instead on convincing the strikers to return to work. Eventually hunger and the New York leadership proved persuasive; today it's business as usual for Levi's in Blue Ridge. And of course in New York the ILG strategy remained the same. As Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the NAACP, puts it: "The union attempts to keep the garment industry in New York City by maintaining low wages and minimal standards for the majority of the workers."

IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE TO LOOK on the ILG's lack of militancy simply as a case of bureaucratic rheumatism, or to suppose that its leadership is merely dazed and enervated by insoluble dilemmas. After all, one logical extension of their policy of meeting the challenge of cheap unorganized labor by, as it were, underbidding it, would be to disband the union altogether, in the interests of its members, thus rendering them competitively unorganized in the labor market. That would be the logical conclusion of what seems to be a dumbfounded passivity. But the fact is that the ILG's policy is not passive at all; it is a policy of conviction—tough, activist and determined.

The political sources of that conviction are clear in David Dubinsky himself; one of the three or four most influential personages in the history of American labor, he is surely the American "social democrat" *par excellence*. And over the years, with him as its exponent, that social democratic syndrome has firmly taken hold of the ILG. The total preoccupation with extirpating Communists in the union, the labor movement, the country and the world; the identification with the employers which defines the interests of the union as essentially coinciding with theirs; and the tight leadership control alienated from the union rank and file—these mark the pattern of the ILG's history under Dubinsky.

The ILG's activist commitment to its policies frequently

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rises to a proselytizing zeal, even in the case of its peculiar low wages campaign. The union has been moved to press its gospel of prospering through poverty on other workers throughout New York. Too timid to organize for higher wages in Georgia, the ILG organizes quite boldly for lower wages in New York. In 1959, discussion of a $1.50 minimum wage came up in the AFL-CIO Central Labor Council in New York City. ILGWU representative Charles Zimmerman not only opposed it, but threatened to withdraw his union from the Council if it were approved (the Council later endorsed the $1.50 minimum, but Zimmerman was absent at the time).

No such minimum was instituted in 1959, of course, and in April 1962, Mayor Robert Wagner appointed a Citizens' Commission on the City Economy, including two ILGWU representatives, to study the issue. The ILG men fought the $1.50 minimum so hard that the Teamsters Union wrote a letter to the members of the Democratic majority on the City Council, saying: "Surely you must or should know that the ILGWU has a vested interest in the perpetuation of exploitation, low-wage pockets, and poverty in New York City."

The bill then before the Council called for a $1.50 minimum, but the Mayor's Commission was already beginning to talk about a $1.25 minimum instead. After a time, the mayor let it be known that he was interested in a bill establishing "a $1.25 minimum wage for all employment in New York City, authorizing necessary exemption." Garment workers, of course, were a "necessary exemption." The $1.50 minimum eventually came to pass—in the state legislature, with help from the Central Labor Council and from leaders of District 65, but without a murmur from the ILGWU.

On a similar occasion in 1966, when ILG leaders were serving as Mayor John Lindsay's chief advisors against a subway strike that was supported by every other union in the area, columnist Murray Kempton had these thoughts about president Dubinsky: "Lindsay has every excuse for thinking that Dubinsky is a labor leader; the New York Times always describes him as such; and only the longest, most painful and tedious experience has taught me that Dubinsky is distinguishable from the average garment manufacturer only by the condition that his manners are coarser and that he is in a line of work where the vicissitudes of the market do not endanger his standard of living."

THE NOTION NOT ONLY OF DUBINSKY the labor leader melting into the figure of a businessman, but also of his union taking on the form of a business, undoubtedly has some quite literal validity to it. The poverty of its members aside, the sheer munificence of the union organization itself would seem sufficient to earn it a respectable position among the nation's great industrial corporations. The size of what Time magazine called the union's Knippe (nest-egg) has reached approximately $575 *million*—more than the assets of Ligget and Myers, Colgate-Palmolive, or Kaiser Steel. At the ILG's 1968 national convention, it was announced that the various accounts and funds of the ILG and its affiliates had earned $75 million in the three years 1965-67 alone. A few years ago, in a "coals-to-Newcastle" classic, the union even found money to lend to the Rockefellers for a housing project in Puerto Rico.

Such impressive revenues bespeak prudent, frugal management, and in fact the union has been most business-like in its thrift. One of the more lucrative of its funds is known as the severance pay fund, a name dating from the time when it was originally established to provide supplementary unemployment insurance to the members. For some time now, full benefits have been paid only after a substantial unemployed waiting period has elapsed, by which time the member is likely to have found another job. Under the circumstances, the fund keeps growing—fast enough indeed to invest $5 million at a shot.

But the ILG appears most strikingly like a business where the union itself is a boss. In its dealings with its own employees, the ILG attempts to practice the low wage policies it preaches. Virtually all unionized salaried pharmacists in New York are members of the militant Hospital and Drug Workers Union. The pharmacists in the ILG's Manhattan health clinic, however, belong to something called the Registered Nurses Guild Local 312, which it seems is a subsidiary of Local 54 of the Theater, Amusement and Cultural Building Service Employees. The ILG's pharmacists earn from $30 to $40 a week less than the others. The ILG also has two trucking locals, the only non-Teamster truckers in the area, with a pay scale one-third to one-half below that of the Teamsters. All that is lacking is a name to describe this phenomenon: as yet there is no name for a company union when the company is a union.

The ILG *qua* boss came out at its chintziest in 1966 when the union, which had previously been paying the social security taxes of the people who worked for it, suddenly announced that the amount would henceforth be taken out of their pay envelopes. This represented a 4.2 per cent pay cut. Soon 650 of the ILG's employees, members of Local 153 of the Office and Professional Employees, struck against the union, and the ILG was forced to grudgingly concede a raise to offset the cut.

The historical process by which a strong left-oriented trade union reached the point of pinching the pennies of its employees is recalled by a former ILG business agent: "There was probably never in American history a group of so many class-conscious proletarians and worker intellectuals as the ILG had 35 years ago. I'm not sure how it happened, but over the years the employers and the union representatives became constant factors in an industry with a large turnover. They formed a permanent relationship to which the worker became an outsider. Today the income, life style, even ethnic factors, and definitely politics of the manufacturers and union functionaries are common features, and at odds with most union members." NAACP labor secretary Herbert Hill sums up the result. "Some unions may be corrupt," he says, "but at least they screw the bosses for the workers. The ILGWU instead screws its members in the interest of the bosses."

Hill and the ILG have had their differences. In 1962 Hill was serving as a consultant to a subcommittee of the House Committee on Education and Labor, when the subcommittee made the ILG the subject of an intense investigation. The union threatened a withdrawal of funds from the NAACP. Nobody got fired, but there was a long and vicious behind-the-scenes donnybrook.

Two years later, Dubinsky introduced to the union's national convention "the most constructive, sane, able, intelligent leader" in the civil rights movement of the day: Roy Wilkins of the NAACP. Wilkins responded by praising Dubinsky for his long fight against communism, and by sloughing off the Hill matter. But the clincher was his ringing affirmation that

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"an examination of official [ILG] policy does not reveal any—not even the slightest—deliberate policy of racial restriction, even where the effect might be construed as racial in character." With an endorsement like that, why fight discrimination?

Of the three ILG locals which control access to the highest paid jobs, the best of all is Local 60, the pressers, with hourly wages of over five dollars. Local 60 is virtually all white. There is, however, an appended Local 60A, whose members are almost all black and Puerto Rican; they are the shipping clerks, order pickers, push boys and delivery men. It has twice the membership of Local 60—but the presser who is manager of 60 is also manager of 60A, and the appendage has never been made an independent local. Asked why, ILG officials say it is because that would create a separate black and Spanish local, which would be discrimination.

On the other hand, Local 89, which allows no blacks or Puerto Ricans, is defended on the basis that it began as an Italian immigrant local because of language difficulties, and has retained that character up until the present time. Local 10, representing the highly skilled cutters, remains almost all white due to exclusionary training practices; unskilled blacks and Puerto Ricans looking for garment center jobs wind up in unskilled jobs at poverty-level wages, and the ILG leaves them there.

Gus Tyler, assistant to the president of the ILGWU, acknowledges, "There is a shortage of skilled sewing machine operators. Nobody knows this better than the ILGWU." Yet the union has consistently opposed federal training of apparel workers through the poverty program, and a number of Neighborhood Youth Corps Job Training Centers in New York and New Jersey have been forced to close down. Says one project director, "We have asked the unions for their help in developing training programs and working out a solution to this problem, but the ILGWU won't answer."

ONE THING MUST BE SAID FOR THE ILG leadership: they do not believe in tokenism. The United States Senate has a black member; professional basketball has a black coach; General Motors has a black dealership; there is a black man on the Supreme Court. Of the 24 members of the General Executive Board (GEB) of the ILGWU, none is black. Under heavy pressure, the Executive Board recently added a Puerto Rican—from the island, thus providing no representation for the Puerto Rican workers of New York, who vastly outnumber the island membership. In a union whose membership is 85 per cent women, only one woman sits on the Board.

On April 19, 1968, federal judge Constance Baker Motley, in a case involving the National Maritime Union, noted that in that union "it now takes a minimum of ten years to become eligible for national office. No other union studied, except possibly the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, required so much time for its members to qualify for national office." To serve on the GEB, an ILG member needed five years' membership in good standing, "during three years of which he had held a full-time paid elective or appointive office." To run for president or secretary-treasurer, a member needed ten years in good standing, half of them as an elected or appointed functionary.

In practice these requirements meant that of the 450,000 national members of the ILGWU, just 300—one-fifteenth of one per cent—were eligible for the Board; fewer than 200 were eligible for the two top jobs. As Herbert Hill points out: "Under these conditions no more than four or five non-white persons would be eligible to run for the General Executive Board of the union, and virtually none at all for the top leadership positions."

The ILG changed its requirements at its last national convention—no doubt with an eye to Judge Motley's opinion—but not until after the leadership had been retained in power. There have, of course, already been some attempted rebellions, like the one in the last election held in Local 155, a local which encompasses some 14,000 workers, mostly women—floor girls, operators, buttonhole makers, etc.—scattered across New York City in about 265 separate shops. The largest single group, floor girls, are the most exploited, earning at most $70 a week (when they get work), with monthly dues of $5.50 and a maximum of one week's vacation a year.

At the last local election, a partial slate of four independent rank-and-file candidates ran against the official leadership. Under the ILGWU constitution it is illegal to organize caucuses except during a period of three months prior to each of the infrequent elections; this forces workers, if they are to organize an opposition at all, to do it in partial secrecy, risking expulsion from the union and the loss of their jobs.

Once organized and announced, the independent slate was forbidden to visit the shops in the local—although the current officials of course have access to these shops every day. The independents were refused the right to use the membership mailing list for campaigning, and were barred from using space in the local's newspaper. On the ballot itself, they were denied space as a slate and were placed on the bottom of the page, underneath the leadership. The four rank-and-file candidates—three blacks and a white of Italian extraction—were then threatened with "elimination."

Immediately after the election, the local's paper attacked the independent slate for its "racism." The offense was a campaign leaflet which carried pictures of all four candidates; since three were black, this was obviously "black racism."

Even among the cutters in Local 10—home local to both Dubinsky and his successor—there has been unrest (the cutters are considered the "aristocracy" of the ILGWU, but their minimum wages run from $100 to $120). In December 1967, a slate representing the Independent Cutters' Club tried to get on the ballot for the election the following February. All but four were excluded, and the four, again, were denied a "slate" position and relegated to the bottom of the ballot. The old leadership cheerfully ran on the slogan, "Repudiate the Communists," and won.

But the Independent Cutters' Club didn't quit. They complained to the U.S. Labor Department—which said that the union had in fact violated the law but that the complaint was "not suitable for litigation." That didn't seem to make sense, so the Club pushed for more information, and got a reply from Frank Kleiler, director of the Office of Labor-Management.

Kleiler said, in effect, that the union had violated the law in providing for the election of certain officers by the Executive Board, in requiring elected officers to sign undated resignations, in refusing to honor requests to distribute campaign literature and in denying group designation to the Independent Cutters' Club. Alas, the Department also felt that the case was closed, because of procedural weaknesses. In one

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observer's phrase, "Complaint justified, complaint dismissed." The Club, still determined, is appealing the decision.

But the union's contempt for its members and the utter alienation that results is not something occasionally vented in an insurgent election campaign. It is lived out day to day in the union's operations and on the shop floor. Much of this is communicated in these comments of a Puerto Rican shipping clerk at Stacy Ames, a Long Island City manufacturer of women's dresses and raincoats: "I never was allowed to see my contract. I'm told it called for $76 a week, but I only got $67. There are three locals in my shop. I'm in 60A and we've had three meetings in the last year. About 150 members out of 15,000 show up. The meetings consist of one long report, questions and answers. One time, a brother asked why shipping clerks aren't paid more than packers. 'That's none of your business,' he was told. It's really terrible. I was working at the place for three months before I found out the guy I thought was the dock supervisor was actually my shop steward. And we have high school kids coming in to work a few hours after school. They don't belong to the union, but the union doesn't seem to care. It's almost as if the rest of us don't belong either." Federal law requires that contracts be available to members, but the union keeps a vigilant guard against rabble-rousers who do not sufficiently appreciate the benefits of industrial harmony and peace.

"HOW MARVELOUS IS THE ILGWU," observed Murray Kempton at the time the $1.50 minimum wage law was in the state legislature and the union was lying low. "It has a position on Viet-Nam and Algeria; but it has no position on wages in its home town." The ILG can be a hawk as well as a dove. Its submissiveness on wages and its militancy on Viet-Nam both spring from the same ideological root: the idea of labor's common interest with business, not only as management, but also in the global role of imperial agent and anti-communist crusader. With this viewpoint it was natural that David Dubinsky and his union should have played such a key role in the process that has made so much of American organized labor an active partner in U.S. foreign policy in recent years.

Dubinsky was long assisted in this task by Matthew Woll, a vice president of the AFL who was assigned to help Dubinsky crush his left-led rank-and-file opposition in the 1930's. Woll was prominent in pushing "labor pan-Americanism"—the cultivation of labor leaders throughout the hemisphere who would applaud U.S. incursions, including the various dispatches of Marines. Woll was also known in the '30s as the major spokesman for the National Civic Federation, set up by AFL founder Samuel Gompers and others in the wake of the Spanish-American War as a vehicle for promoting "labor peace" on the home front while business looked toward further imperialist adventures abroad.

Dubinsky and Woll formed a core of anti-communist militancy in the AFL (and later the AFL-CIO). Woll became chairman of the AFL International Affairs Department, to which the ILG became a heavy contributor. Dubinsky also brought Jay Lovestone, a former Communist Party leader (expelled in 1929), to prominence in labor foreign policy. Lovestone brought with him to the ILG a coterie of embittered ex-Communists who tended to share his vendetta mentality toward their political alma mater, and many of them (including present vice presidents Louis Nelson and Charles Zimmerman) rose to high positions in the union. Lovestone himself was made ILG director of international affairs, and he still maintains an office at the union's headquarters; however he soon moved up to join Woll's base of operations in the AFL. By World War II, Lovestone was the main advisor to Dubinsky and Woll, and together they founded (in 1943) the American Labor Conference on International Affairs. ALCIA, which still publishes the New Leader, turned up as a CIA fund recipient in the revelations of 1967. When George Meany, another Dubinsky protégé, took over AFL international affairs, he took Lovestone on—and still retains him—as his chief policy maker on foreign affairs.

Dubinsky's own ties to the anti-communist Socialist International proved fruitful as many emigré social democrats fleeing from the war in Europe came into his circle, providing him with an impressive brain trust and operational staff of internationally sophisticated right-wing "socialists." This, together with the already enormous treasury of his union, made it possible for Dubinsky to put together an extremely effective machine, and to finance the intelligence operations of various exile groups. In the course of this, Dubinsky and Lovestone gained the ear of the State Department and of the powerful Dulles brothers. By the time the CIA was formed after the war, the two unionists were key influences. Lovestone still approves all of the Agency's "labor attachés" in American embassies around the world. Many of them predictably come from the ranks of ILG leadership—like the late Serafino Romualdi, former executive director of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), another substantial CIA beneficiary.

The ILGWU General Executive Board reported to the union's 1968 convention on developments in its burgeoning international programs. It had succeeded in setting up an Inter-American Federation of Textile and Garment Workers with its own Charles Zimmerman on the executive committee of the new organization. Another ILG vice president, E. Howard Molisani, had visited Japan at the end of 1967 as part of a mission arranged by the State Department in cooperation with the AFL-CIO. Still another, David Gingold, was in Brazil on an AFL-CIO program in cooperation with the Alliance for Progress, AIFLD and the Agency for International Development. The report to the convention paid special tribute to one "who was, as usual, enormously helpful"—Jay Lovestone.

The astonishing thing is that, despite their unsavory record both in international politics and in the conditions of work in their own garment district, the ILG and David Dubinsky himself have retained the appealing public image of progressive, humanistic socialist idealists. A comment made by the ILG leader to his official biographer indicates just how unrecognizably that kind of idealism has been stretched and inverted in Dubinsky's ideological wringer. "I have come to the conclusion that Socialism, certainly the orthodox variety, will never work," said Dubinsky, elaborating in a perfect through-the-looking-glass paraphrase the thoughts of Chairman Mao: "Trade unionism needs capitalism like a fish needs water."

Michael Myerson is currently preparing a book on the origins of the New Left, soon to be published by Grossman.

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Back-of-the-Book

PHENOMENA

Apollo 11: The Time Machine

For on that day many men of the Achaians and Trojans lay sprawled in the dust face down beside one another. (Iliad, Book IV)

IN AMERICA, national events are usually merely awkward and embarrassing. The recent voyage of Apollo 11, however, was to be no routine state occasion. It was to be an overwhelming experience, the happening of the century, a genuine American epic unfolding before the wondering eyes of the world. It came at a time when the country was in a particularly ugly and vindictive mood and was reasserting its damaged potency like an old ram in rut. All things considered, the moon shot was best watched in a spirit of self-preservation.

Despite the gossip about rock samples and moon dust and the talk about man's unquenchable desire for new horizons, one was never offered any very good reason for Apollo to take place. It was happening because it was necessary; it was necessary because it was happening. Every tentative rationale for the flight only made it seem more like a fateful, bureaucratic syllogism, the final working out of a process begun years ago in a fit of Cold War pique. That it had no special identity did not distinguish the moon shot from other national enterprises; but it meant that the flight would be easily co-opted by the patriotic revival sweeping the country. It would be in space what the vogue of the flag decal and the cult of the frightened, tax-obsessed middle class had become on earth: a vision of America resurgent. Apollo would be a ritual celebration for a people whose sensibilities had been extended to the limit and were now snapping back.

Those who criticized the mission as an example of expensively confused priorities mistook its character. The social orbit out of which the spaceship erupted was indeed divided and brutalized; but this did not mean that the journey could be viewed as just another appropriation. Apollo had become a fantasy, not an item in the budget, and it was as fantasy that it had to be appreciated. That the whole expedition could just as easily have been acted out on the back lot of Universal Studios only increased one's regard for those sitting in the producer's chair. They wanted realism and were willing to shoot on location.

These were the strongest generation of earth born mortals—the strongest, and they fought against the strongest, the beast men, living within the mountains, and terribly destroyed them. (Book I)

The astronauts were the cornerstone on which the fantasy of Apollo was laid. Even so, it was hard to have anything very definite against them: they were bland and efficient, unassuming and God-fearing. One would finally see their defects and virtues crowded together in a widely circulated close-up taken of Aldrin on the moon. It showed no face at all, only the impermeable depth of a brown face-mask reflecting a miniature scene of the moon-ship's glittering hardware. The photograph was proposed as a classy middlebrow work of art, but it was more a classical statement about man and machine, as eerie as the purported lunar winds.

It seemed a paradox: the astronauts were faceless, yet they were put forth as our cultural heroes, as America's finest product in its finest hour. But if Armstrong and Co. had no personality, it was so much the better for those whose job it was to supply them with one. The three men were the proper human stuff to plug the credibility gap. This was evident in the biographical portfolios that pictured lives of nice modesty, but linear dedication, unstinting accomplishment, solid families, and in the official portraits staring out in semi-bewilderment from every magazine rack. Larger-than-life, unpimpled, composed beyond a disquieting thought, these craggy faces no longer belonged to the three explorers—they belonged to the country. They had been remade by hands familiar with the old masters of Soviet socialist realism. If Joseph Stalin could be transformed into a benign, ruddy-cheeked partiarch standing guard over his people on some remote battlement, couldn't Neil Armstrong become the representative American?

Of, by, and for middle-class America, the astronauts were its revenge against all the scruffy third worlders and long-haired deviants who had stolen arrogantly onto the center stage. It was for this reason that the faces in the NASA photographs stuck in one's mind. They were WASPer than thou; they were composed of that utter, Melvillean whiteness which is lack of color. These faces were meant to negate the domestic history of the last ten years—the long, unsuccessful struggle to get color and diversity into the face of America. Every citizen was conscripted into the public relations legions working ant-like around these men. As they labored, one got another view of something that had already begun to take an ominous shape: the last decade had been too complex and demanding; the questions that had been raised threatened insights into the national character that would be too painful. The country was now turning its back on that history, on a part of itself. American technology would dare anything, it seemed, even making us into a collective schizophrenic and returning us to where we had left off in the Fifties—in the middle of a midwestern idyll of simplicity and moral cretinism.

The role assigned to Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins was far more demanding than simply going to the moon, loping about on the grainy blacks and whites of the lunar surface, doing the make-work tasks that kept their transmission from looking like the most expensive test pattern ever, and then returning to decontamination and a barrage of ticker-tape parades. They were sent to outer space to rejuvenate America and to provide flowered slipcovers

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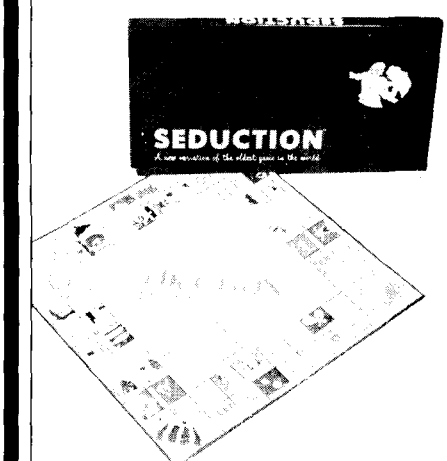

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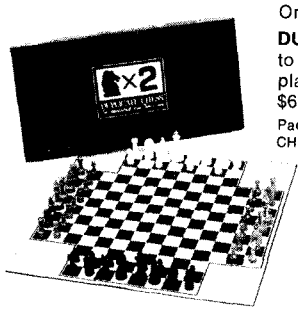

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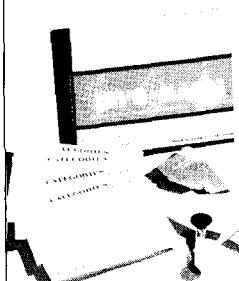

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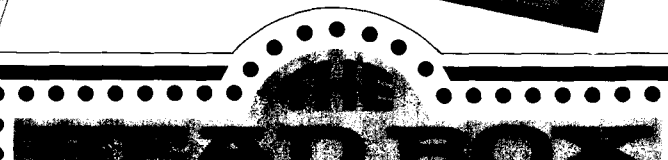

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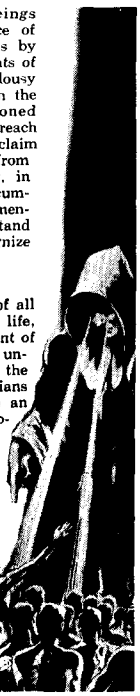

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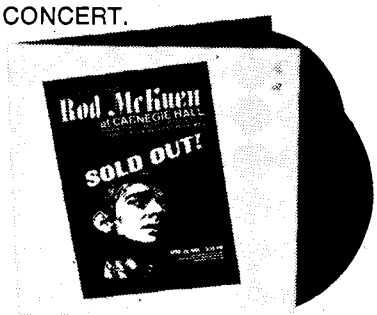

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for a system of values which is in a state of chaos. They were to be our Galahad, on a quest to recover the national purpose; our Aeneas, removing America's household gods—a flag and a television set—to a foreign clime.

As is the generation of leaves, so is that of humanity. The wind scatters the leaves on the ground, but the live timber burgeons with leaves again in the season of Spring returning. (Book XIV)

In the flight of Apollo, we were insisting—as we often do in times of social upheaval—that the one enduring national trait is innocence. As the going gets rough, we scurry for safety into the monolithic mythology of the frontier, that state of mind where the questions are clear, the answers easy, and the youthfulness perpetual. The frontier has always been the place where we discovered new supplies of spiritual naivete, the place which gave us our sense of power. In the moon shot, this simple, grinding, and very American need for new space and all that it symbolizes could be met again. It gave new hope to the forces which have allowed this culture to pull the wings off flies and yet retain the illusion of engaging in child-like experimentation rather than adult evil. Just as the West had been for the 19th century, outer space would be the place where the American myth was reformed in our time. We were not land-locked after all, not stuck with ourselves and where we live.

But this recurrent, enforced vision of innocence has never itself been innocent. Apollo was not the open-handed offering to the world that it pretended to be. As much as anything else, the moon shot was a naked show of technological force, simultaneously a threat and a boast. It was America flexing muscles that had almost atrophied in Viet-Nam.

History was being made and unmade in this flight, the clock was being rolled forward and back with a dizzying disregard for one's attachment to cause and effect. It was a frivolous thought, but just after the first foot had stepped down on the lunar surface and the first rehearsed words had been spoken, I found myself remembering vaguely that I had spent hours in front of an old console radio when I was a boy, listening to the exploits of a character named Jack Armstrong. I don't remember the exploits; I only remember that they were fantastic and seemed well within the reach of any American boy. That was more than 25 years ago, when a boy's imagination was necessarily filled with images of war and visits to the army surplus store—with the possibility of one American machine-gunning thousands of Japs before being martyred by a bullet aimed at his back by slant-eyes. The innocence syndrome was more plausible then, not only for the innocent young, but for an adult world still unaware that it was littering the visions of its children, and its history, with corpses.

Now, after all the intervening years, the name Armstrong had come bobbing to the surface again. It was only an association, but couldn't Neil—as we were given him—be an engineering school version of Jack? He was about the right age. The all American boy grown up into an all American boy-man doing his tight-lipped duty, having his exploits inflated beyond any semblance of their reality, ready to suffocate for his country if the Eagle failed to burn its way out of the moon's gravity. The name was there, still being used to harden a flaccid mythology of limitless power without responsibility. When his giggling President appeared on the split screen to congratulate him, Armstrong replied, "It was an honor for us to be able to participate here today." *Participate?* The only thing missing was the heavy-booted foot scuffling the moon dust, and the aw-shucks-'twarnt'-nuthin' muttered under the breath.

Boy scouts, even good ones, could be heroes for the national epic of no other country but this one.

And the games broke up, and the people scattered to go away, each man to his fast-running ship, and the rest of them took thought of their dinner, and of sweet sleep and its enjoyment. (Book XXIV)

There were many vectors of force at work in Apollo, all of them pulling on the psyche simultaneously. It finally became an exercise in subjectivity; it was, as in other things, your vision against theirs. Finally one could not forget that he was watching television, and that without the medium there would be no message. At Apollo's most confusing moments, one could retreat into one's own solipsistic fantasy: kicking at the set and muttering, as Sam Johnson might have, "Thus do I refute thee, Dr. Von Braun."

—PETER COLLIER

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BOOKS

Publishing the Black Experience

NATIVE SONS: A CRITICAL STUDY OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY NEGRO AMERICAN AUTHORS. *By Edward Margolies. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1968. 199 pp. $5.95.*
DARK SYMPHONY: NEGRO LITERATURE IN AMERICA. *James A. Emanuel and Theodore Gross, Eds. The Free Press, 1968. 561 pp. $8.95.*

NO ONE WITH EVEN a remote interest in literary matters can have failed to notice the sudden, and in certain cases, one may well suspect, meretricious interest that the white publishing establishment is showing in books by, for and about black people and all aspects of the "black experience." This interest and the spate of volumes resulting from it is, on balance, preferable to the rigid indifference or barely disguised hostility which has marked the industry's posture toward black literature and scholarship in the past. But improvement though it is, this new vogue, allowing one to be more "militant in print" than before, is merely permissive rather than evidence of a genuine intellectual liberalism; it seems to represent no real deepening of the social and cultural sensibilities of publishers, and it embodies problems which are no less dangerous and frustrating than the cultural freeze which preceded it. Indeed, in many cases this new interest and activity can be seen as a new version of the same impulses—conformity to fashion, commercialism, white cultural chauvinism and a vulgar paternalism—which traditionally combined to exclude black writers and scholars from the community of letters.

There is a kind of cynical wisdom in Junebug J. Jones' observation that "those honkies don't take us seriously, if they did we'd all be dead." But Brother Jones isn't talking about the publishing industry except as it is a part and a reflection of mainstream institutions; so we can hope that, should they begin to take us seriously, it might not have such immediately disastrous results. What *would* happen is that publishers would develop standards—or seek advice—which would enable them to be more selective; fewer patently useless books would appear, and fewer newly-minted experts would rush into print with any ill-conceived, half-assed project that offered hope either of quick sales, notoriety, or credentials for entree into one of the most currently fashionable academic fields. Most importantly, young black people would not have to wade through this confusing and growing welter of "expertise" in search of their cultural and historical identity.

An extremely influential white critic recently wrote in a private letter, "I think that if I were black I would have extremely mixed feelings about the current large wave of books being issued about American black history," the sudden binge being really "little more than a racket, a desire to cash in. . . ." The way his remark was conditioned makes one wonder whether his feelings are any less mixed because he is not black. Still, he is correct, and I know no black historian or writer who does not have "mixed" reactions.

To the extent that the publishers are consciously attempting to correct a history of neglect or parody (even if they are doing so in response to a demand created by certain developments in schools and colleges), they are not entirely to be criticized. But what they—publishers and schools alike—do not seem to grasp is that the issue has never been simply one of black representation, but rather one of new terms for this representation. The Marc Connelly-Joel Chandler Harris tradition has been, after all, a strong and persistent one in the American culture.

And for these new terms, we must look to the black community where there is a surfacing of long-repressed forces, stirring what appears to be the beginning of a truly inspiring cultural and literary renaissance. There is a sense of creative vigor, of sharpened perceptions of priorities and goals, and of the withering away of various barriers to self-perception—a sense that out of all the tremendous motion and activity is emerging a direction, a cultural nationalism bringing new and revolutionary definitions. It is precisely this sense of possibility which disposes one to be exceedingly impatient with the mere rehashing of the same old tired, irrelevant cliches, even when they are clearly well-inten-

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3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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tioned and come nicely bound between new covers.

If one were gifted with an unusual facility and economy of style, a strong feeling for the nuance and irony of black language, an appreciative understanding and experience of black culture, together with a sharp critical intelligence and unified critical framework, then one could with some justification consider undertaking, in 199 not very large pages, a critical study of some 16 important black writers—including DuBois, Chesnutt, Johnson, Dunbar, Toomer, McKay, Cullen, Wright, Baldwin and Ellison. But if the material were taken seriously, having considered such an enterprise, one would most certainly decide against it. Professor Margolies had no second thoughts and simply tried, in *Native Sons*, to cover too broad an area in too limited a space, particularly since he undertook to introduce the works (much of the space being given over to plot summaries), as well as to criticize them. But while few of the qualities listed above come through in *Native Sons*, it remains, by virtue of its inclusiveness, a valuable guide for a reader who is first approaching black writing.

In *Dark Symphony* Professors Gross and Emanuel have supplied us with the most comprehensive anthology of black writing—fiction, poetry and the essay—since Sterling Brown and his associates published *The Negro Caravan* in 1941. No major writer is slighted and the editors have included such important but hardly available works as Alain Locke's "The New Negro" and Sterling Brown's classic dissection of white literary stereotypes, "Negro Characters as Seen by White Authors," which should be required reading in every course on American culture. Intended as an introduction to the finest achievements in Negro literature, the book succeeds splendidly. It is clearly meant for the classroom, where it will fill a real need for an all-inclusive basic text in which the "classics" of black literature—that is to say those works which lend themselves to criticism and understanding in terms of traditional critical assumptions about literature—can be found.

In the introduction the authors explain their criteria for selection, and mention that pre-literary material from the oral tradition and slave narratives had to be excluded for lack of space. This note suggests, and perusal of the volume confirms, that the editors were guided in their selections by traditionally formal critical assumptions, and the selections are those created by white critical definitions of literature. One can understand the impulse toward established and "respectable" literary criteria, but in a book of this kind they present real problems and limitations in understanding the cultural basis of the black experience.

An approach to black literature which ignores folklore, the oral tradition, and the musical-poetic aspects of folk-religion excludes the basic forms of creative expression of the black community. Thus, in the selection of poetry we get odes rather than blues lyrics or street poems (anonymous, usually ironic commentaries on contemporary history), or sonnets rather than field hollers or song sermons—those truly amazing examples of metaphorical dexterity and spontaneous poetic inspiration which, taken as a group, represent a vital, popular poetic tradition in the rural black community. On this point it is significant that while the aforementioned essay by Sterling Brown is included, his poetry is conspicuously absent. Yet Brown is one of the country's outstanding authorities on early jazz and the rural folk culture, and a fine poet whose work has inspired countless young black writers in this country and in the Third World. Crafted in the rhythms, sensibilities, and idiom of folk-speech, Brown's poetry provides, to my knowledge, some of the most instructive examples of the "literary" adaptation of black cultural materials and styles. The absence of this kind of material is regrettable, the more so because of what it indicates about the emphasis of the anthology.

This emphasis on white literary definitions and values is unfortunate (though it will, I am sure, have its defenders), because it violates, fragments and excludes so much of indigenous black expression. What we are witnessing today among black writers and students of black culture is a necessary rejection of many of the white establishment's critical shibboleths that have obstructed previous generations of black writers from studying, appreciating and utilizing the distinctive linguistic and cultural forms of their community. The pressures of this white cultural imperialism forced black writers in the past to dissipate creative energy in establishing to white

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audiences, in white terms, the humanity of black people—an undertaking which produced "protest" literature.

THE BLACK POWER MOVEMENT with its overtones of cultural nationalism and the new consciousness of blackness is, in the words of the young historian Sterling Stuckey (*From Negro History to Black Studies*), "forcing the black writer, poet, scholar back to first principles," to the effort to understand and define in new terms, for black audiences first, the black experience and the cultural forms which emerged from the forced union of the West African cultural legacy with the experience of Western culture.

Thus a play by the Ibo playwright Wole Soyinka brings a powerful shock of cultural recognition: the mannered formality of Nigerian village life, the integration into the people's daily social intercourse of song, music, poetry, ritual, parables and riddles. All this recalls close and vital parallels to the life style of a rural black community in America and even, in greatly transformed ways, to the street life of Harlem.

It is with these "first principles," looking backward and inward with new insight, that the black artist must proceed in forging a new black literary consciousness and tradition. The cultural style to which he has recourse—naturally dramatic and stylized, emphasizing oratory and eloquence on the one hand, and on the other, a lyrical fascination with language and metaphor for its own sake—is one which favors the poet and playwright, and it is in these forms that the black renaissance shows most activity. For the novelist the problems are different and clearly more complex, since the novel is the most completely "Western" of the forms, the one having no real antecedent in African culture. Ralph Ellison has remarked on a strange inhibition which he sees affecting many blacks who, in attempting that form, appear to lose their usual verbal ebullience and spontaneity in deference to a kind of stilted formality. It is difficult to set down the rhythms and cadences of black language, or to reduce to the written word the passion, ecstasy, and intensity that flows through the language and music of a storefront church meeting or a movement rally. Difficult, but not impossible. And Ellison himself has demonstrated ways in which this unique tradition—with the wry sardonic style of the folk-tale, ironic elements of the riddle put-on, the jazz-like improvisations of language and rhyme as in the "dozens"—can be assimilated to novelistic uses. Freed from the cultural domination of the majority, young black novelists like Ernest J. Gaines, Bryant Rollins, Ronald Fair, William Mahoney and William Melvin Kelley, and such extremely gifted women as Sisters Toni Cade, Jean Smith and S. A. Williams, are exploring the black culture and past for what is valuable and usable. These and other writers are looking back to West Africa for the beginnings, and into the American experience for those archetypal figures—the slave preacher, the rebel, the hustler, the matriarch, the addict, and figures from the "movement"—as vehicles through which to represent the black experience in novels. Literary predictions are pointless and usually wrong. But at least and at last we seem to be asking the right questions and looking for answers in the right place, in ourselves.

—MICHAEL THELWELL

Michael Thelwell, contributor to the book,

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[Letter Power]

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ANONYMOUS

[DAR Dismayed]

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[Muckraking Sex]

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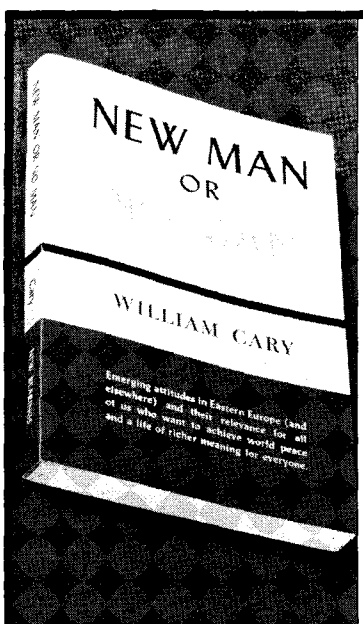
FRANK LIENING
Winston, Oregon

[Praise the Laird]

EDITORS: This is just a short note to congratulate RAMPARTS for the courage displayed in publishing Hess's fine article, "Who the Hell is Melvin Laird, Anyway?" [RAMPARTS, August 1969.] That note on Hess's background really blew my mind when I first read it! I wonder how many freaked when they realized the potential this guy has? His Playboy article and recent activities demonstrate how far along he has come. Hess has some very relevant points to make about the establishment's structure, and his past close association with the leviathan in Washington should provide him with some valuable insights. I hope that RAMPARTS will publish more of his stuff. I am very eager to find out more about the creatures that try to control us, and to get it from a guy who has been there and back would be a real treat. I am looking forward to seeing more of his articles in future issues of your mag.

WILLIAM E. CHASE



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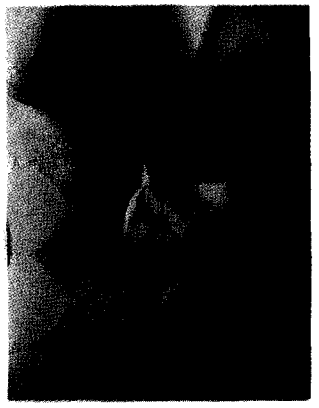

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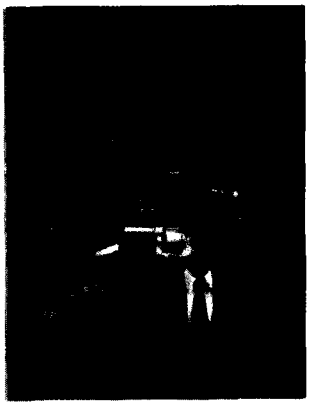

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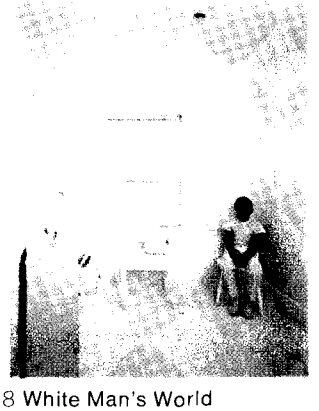

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